

HORROR STORIES

TRAPPED IN A
ROOM OF
HORROR WITH
THE SLAVE
OF SATAN!

FEB

60¢

PDC

SCREAMING TERROR
ON THE NIGHT THE
ZOMBIES
WALKED!

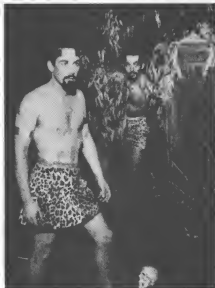
THE VAMPIRE'S
FANGS WERE
RED WITH
MY WOMAN'S
BLOOD!

ONE LAST
DEATH
PROWL FOR
THE MAN WHO
HOWLED LIKE
A WOLF!



THEODORE S. HECHT, Editor
 GREG JACKSON, Associate Editor
 ALAN CORBEY, Assistant Editor
 FRANCIS NEWSOM, Art Director
 KATHERINE JAMES, Asst. Art Director
 JOHN PARKER, Art Associate
 PENNY REED, Art Assistant
 MATTHEW P. FLOUREY, Circulation Dir.

FEBRUARY 1971



HORROR STORIES

TRUE TALES OF THE UNKNOWN

SCREAMING TERROR ON THE NIGHT

THE ZOMBIES WALKEDby George Bruno 10

Fitzgerald had it all figured out. He would turn these living dead into his personal slaves

THE GHOST IS COMING

TO TAKE ME TO HELLby Charles Dobey 14

The mansion resounded nightly with the wild screams of the killer and his victim

THE DEVIL NEEDS YOUR SOULby Edward Hampton 26

She felt that God didn't return her devotion. So she gave herself to a new master—Satan

ADVENTURES IN TERROR

THE VAMPIRE'S FANGS WERE RED

WITH MY WOMAN'S BLOODby Andrew Palmer 6

Frank raced into the unequal battle even though he knew his wife was already gone from him

TRAPPED IN A ROOM OF HORROR

WITH THE SLAVE OF SATANby T.W. Mannering 18

Until that fateful night, he was totally unaware of the truth about himself—that he was an evil man

ONE LAST DEATH PROWL FOR THE MAN

WHO HOWLED LIKE A WOLFby Michael Praetorius 22

This loping, cantering, murdering creature had once been a man of dignity, of honor

THE MAD MONSTER STRIKES AGAINby Alden Franz 30

The playwright claimed the sorcerer had been dead 300 years. But the sorcerer didn't accept this verdict

SPECIAL FEATURES

TELL US ABOUT IT..... 34

The dead don't always stay dead—as one of our readers found out and wanted to share his experiences with us

An expert explains and discusses the occult
 LETTERS 36

Our readers speak of their own experiences with the unknown

ADVENTURES IN WITCHCRAFT by Whittier Fowles, Ph.D., Sc.D. 37

HORROR STORIES, Volume 1, Number 3, February 1971, is published bi-monthly by STANLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC., 261 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Single copy 60¢; subscription rate \$3.60 per year. Application to mail at second-class postal rates will be made at N.Y., N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Copyright 1970 by STANLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC. Not responsible for loss or non-return of manuscripts and photos, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope bearing the correct postage. All unsolicited manuscripts accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Advertising representative, UOARD GREENE ASSOCIATES, 180 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Printed in the U.S.A.



"You are mine," said Paracelus. "We shall roam forever the hills of the night. Eternal life will be yours."

THE VAMPIRE'S FANGS WERE RED WITH MY WOMAN'S BLOOD!

Ramming into the clammy, vaporous vampire, Frank knew it was probably already too late to save the ravaged soul of his wife!

by ANDREW PALMER

FRANK glanced impatiently at his watch, then down the long track that stretched into nothingness miles away. Not a train in sight. He hummed to himself, dug a cigarette out of his coat pocket, and lighting it, began to mill aimlessly around the waiting platform. It was still early in the morning, but already there were signs that it was going to turn much hotter later on—dead, suffocating heat that only an Arkansas summer can bring.

Far off in the distance, Frank heard the welcome sounds of a locomotive. He was anxious to get home. A two-week business trip in Atlanta may sound like fun, but in practice, it was something else again. Long days spent in sales conferences and even longer nights wasted in cold, antiseptic hotel rooms made Frank homesick for his small home and his beloved wife.

The train came and Frank hopped aboard, gave the conductor his ticket, and settled down for the two-hour trip that would drop him off at the tiny siding a few miles from his house.

Frank was excited. He had missed Beth so much and he gave full rein to his thoughts. He and Beth had been married only three months before the order came to relocate. They were both native New Yorkers, and the thought of moving down South to a beautiful but less-settled state like Arkansas was more than a little frightening to them. But Beth was wonderful through it all. She had taken the plain, little house the company had found for them and turned (Continued on next page)

it into a warm, comfortable home, wallpapering, painting, sewing curtains and making everything as pleasant as possible.

But Frank was anxious to get back for quite another reason. On the train ride to Little Rock, where he would make his connection for the flight to Atlanta, Frank had run into one of the townspeople, having nothing else to do, the two men began a conversation. It started with trivial things—the comparison between New York and Arkansas weather—but then got into deeper subjects that made Frank a bit nervous.

"You live in the old Simmons' place, don't you?" his companion had said.

"Sure do," Frank had answered. "Somebody told me that the house was over one hundred years old." Then he laughed. "It looked like it hadn't been painted for two hundred."

"And your nearest neighbors are the Paracelus family," the man continued, ignoring Frank's interruption. "If I remember rightly, there's only one of them living there now. The rest have... disappeared."

"Bill Paracelus? Sure. We went fishing a couple of times. He's a nice guy. Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. You're new around here. The Paracelus' are an old family—been here before 1830. Settled in Pennsylvania 100 years before that. Down here in the South we have long memories. Have as little as possible to do with Bill Paracelus."

Frank had tried to find out more about his neighbor, but the companion chose to keep silent. They spent the rest of the trip into Little Rock talking about baseball.

The man's words had troubled Frank. But he finally shrugged them off. Southerners made fine friends, but to the Northerner

they were a bit strange. Maybe it was a result of living in small, closed societies for centuries, ignoring the rest of the world. Or perhaps, just because Frank was a Northerner he half-imagined, half-misunderstood what the man had said.

The train stopped and grabbing the small suitcase full of dirty linen, Frank got off and began walking home. Even after living in Arkansas for nearly a month, Frank still felt that trees, grass, flowers and shrubbery were a real luxury. And a dirt road was practically unheard of in New York. He filled his lungs gratefully with air that smelled of honeysuckle and quickened his pace. Right behind that neat bend of trees was his home. He started running and in two minutes he had reached the front door.

"Hi, honey. I'm home!" he shouted, and flinging his hat on the rack, he walked towards the kitchen.

Beth met him half way, still wiping her hands from doing the breakfast dishes. He grabbed her and lifting her high above the floor, he swung her around in happy circles. They both laughed like children. Then Beth began to sob.

"Honey, what's the matter?" Frank put her down and looked worried.

"Nothing. It's just—oh, Frank, I've missed you so! Being alone in this house miles from anybody. And those terrible nights."

"I know, Beth," Frank said gently. "My nights were pretty lonely too."

"I don't mean that, Frank. Lonely and empty—sure—but there was something else too. Something I can't even begin to describe. Heavy, brooding silence. I kept straining my ears to hear something, almost expecting it, and it never came."

"For something you can't even begin to describe, you've done a pretty good job of it," Frank said lightly. "Relax, it's just the

weather. You're not used to Southern summers. Look, if it'll make you feel better, tonight I'll stand under your window, blow the car horn a few hundred times and then pretend I'm being held up. You're just not used to quiet, that's all."

Beth laughed and arm in arm they walked into the kitchen. Frank was starving and did justice to Beth's excellent cooking.

Later on in bed, after a torrid love session, Beth snuggled next to Frank.

"Dear, there's something else that bothered me when you were gone. It's Bill Paracelus. No—he didn't try to get fresh with me. In fact he went out of his way to be polite and distant. But he acted strange, almost unworlly. He kept getting a far-away look in his eyes and talking about the 'old country'. What old country was that?"


"Any old country. Look, Honey, I found out that his family has been living in America for over two hundred years. Any ties they had with Europe have long since vanished. I never knew you were such a romantic. But if it's romance you want, it'll be romance you'll get—my kind."

"And it's the best in the world," Beth whispered as Frank's arms encircled her.

GRADUALLY the bright, summer's day changed into a serene night. Dusk, fireflies, the soft croaking of frogs in the pond nearby, moonlight. Gentle shadows for a gracious evening brought a new kind of beauty to the landscape. The world around Frank and Beth settled down to rest, and yawning, the two lovers went to bed.

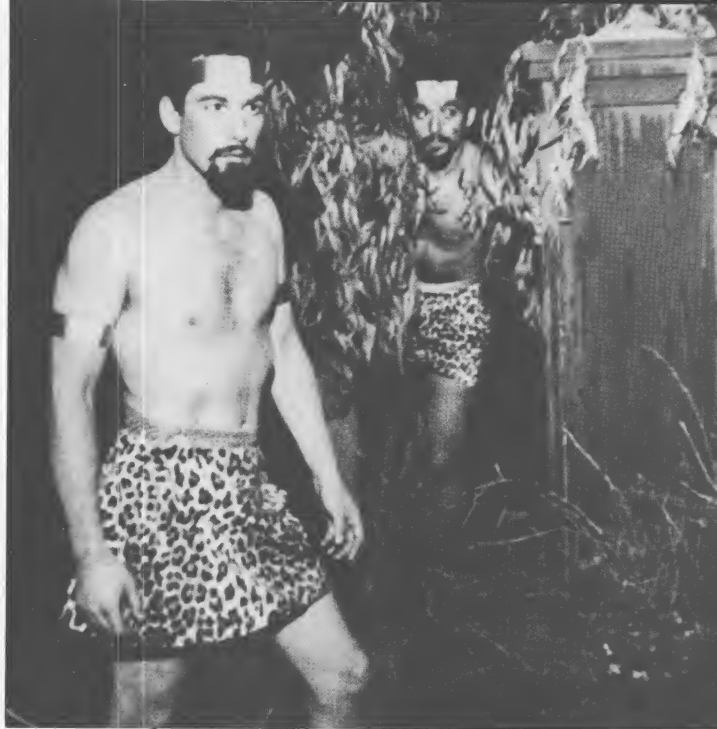
The lights in the small house were turned off, leaving the harmony of the universe in the hands of twinkling stars and clear moonlight. Silence, all was still. A fish flashed and sent silver ripples quivering

(Continued on page 58)



*These living corpses
would serve as his
key to world power!*

**SCREAMING TERROR
ON THE NIGHT
THE ZOMBIES WALKED!**



A bolt of thunder heralded the coming of the zombies. The natives stiffened in fearful, fascinated attention.

by GEORGE BRUNO

Jim Fitzgerald got off the boat and took in great, greedy breaths of the fresh sea air. Even before it was down the gangplank of the huge steamer, his corpulent body was already covered by a fine sheen of sweat.

"So this is Haiti," he remarked to nobody in particular as he took an enormous silk handkerchief and began wiping perspiration from his forehead.

Everything about Jim Fitzgerald was big—his body, his feet, his laugh, his greed. Even the black cigars he smoked constantly were

the largest ones on the market. But the Southern town he had turned his back on, was small—too cramped for this giant of a man. There just weren't enough suckers in it. Jim wasn't exactly an out-and-out crook, and had never actually served time in jail; but some of his deals were a bit on the shady side. Even Jim would cheerfully admit that—"You gotta strike while the iron is hot. Take advantage of 'em, boy!"—and his huge mitt would come crashing down on your back and his booming guffaw would fill the small, smoke-

infested cubbyhole he called his office. You'd leave, sensing vaguely that you've been had, but you couldn't exactly put your finger on how or when he did it. That was Jim's speciality. He'd talk in circles until you were so confused you weren't sure which end was up. Stock and real estate were his main sources of speculation, but he wouldn't be above a friendly card game or two—with himself as the dealer, of course. Anything to make a little money, but just on the borderline between honesty and deceit.

Except for that last deal he pulled. Jim sold some folks a patch of land in Florida. Oh, the land was there all right, but he had forgotten to mention the fact that it was under two feet of water. The people had decided to complain to some of the big boys in Washington. Jim decided to take a long-needed vacation.

Haiti—an unspoiled wonderland of simple people and shining sunlight. He would make a killing—pennies and dimes here and there until he could latch on to some real cash. Then he'd split to Rio and live like a king for the rest of his life.

"Bliss the simple peasant. He's the salt of the earth," said Jim as he went to claim his seedy baggage and look for a cheap hotel.

He found a boarding house right near the docks, right near the drunken sailors who were dying to spend their hard-earned bread on penknives that almost worked and for their sweethearts, on rings that were nearly gold.

"This is too good to be true," he said, sounding the desk bell to call the manager.

An ancient Haitian answered the summons.

"A room with a bath. And make it snappy."

"I no speak English well. Will call granddaughter, yes?" He beckoned to a beautiful girl who was sitting behind a beaded curtain.

She walked to the desk, had Jim sign the registry, which he did with a customary flourish so that you couldn't quite make out the name, and carried his bags to a room on the first floor.

"What's a gorgeous chick like you doing here, baby? Wait, don't go," he said, clutching the girl's arm as she turned to leave. "I could make a fortune with you in New York."

She pulled her arm away from the unwelcomed advance and ran out of the room. Jim shrugged and began unpacking his luggage.

Later on he made a quick tour of the neighborhood and sold several rings. They were set with glass, but he passed them off to the unsuspecting natives as "gen-u-wind diamonds" and unloaded twenty of them.

"Forty bucks—it ain't bad for starters," he muttered as he headed back to the rooming house. Once inside, he made his wheezing way toward the room. "Christ, it is hot!" The slowly-revolving fans overhead did nothing to clear the heavy, stifling air that almost threatened to suffocate him.

He came across the girl as she washed the worn floor in the hall. "Don't go away, sweetie. What's your name?"

"Eustace," was the shy reply.

"Hmm, nice, I'd like to get to know you better—a lot better. Goddammit!" He cursed as she scratched him after he tried to paw her. "No woman does that to me!" He raised his arm to slap her.

"Stop!"

There was something in her cowering pride that made him hesitate.

"If you would like to know me better, you shall," she said in the curious text-book English that all Haitians use when speaking to foreigners. "But only in due time." A coy smile graced her lovely features. "Until then, *au revoir*."

"Hey, honey," called Fitzgerald as Eustace swept past him, "when'll that be?"

Without looking back, she said, "I shall let you know."

LATER that night after an unsuccessful attempt at sleep, Jim tossed his huge frame around on sweat-soaked sheets. He was physically exhausted, but his mind raced ahead, heedless of his tired condition. That chick, Eustace—he'd be able to make a lot of money off her. Maybe he'd turn her into a high-priced call girl, or a singer, or even perhaps an actress—but whatever her new occupation, he'd make sure to be her manager. Natural beauty and a wild temper. He liked that in a woman. Most of the dames he'd known through his wandering life had been pretty mousy, attractive but dull, colorless. Eustace was different. She had a little life in her. Maybe even . . .

"Past! Over here by the window. Don't make a sound," a low voice hissed just behind the shutters.

Fitzgerald rose and stalked as quietly as he could to the window. He drew back the green shutters to see Eustace standing in the darkness of the protruding eaves.

"You ready, baby?" Jim reached for her.

"Not yet. But meet me in front of the hotel. And hurry."

Jim dressed rapidly and left the boarding house. He saw Eustace and went to her. Wrapping his heavy arms around her slender waist, he tried to nuzzle her throat with his thick lips.

"Stop. There's time for that later. Right now I want to show you something—something no white

man has ever been allowed to witness." She took his hand and led him through the low brush until they reached a clearing about half a mile from the town.

A group of villagers of all ages had assembled around some sort of post driven deep into the hard-packed dirt. Eustace and Jim hid in the shadows.

An elderly man came out of the throng and approached the wooden wedge. He was the grandfather of Eustace—but now instead of the servile, doddering inn keeper, he was tall, proud in his outlandish costume of feathers, fur, and claws.

Somebody handed him a live chicken. Expertly he broke its neck and separated the head from the still-moving body. The blood he took and formed a large X on the post. Then he spoke long and passionately in a strange, ancient language.

"He is calling forth the Great One," Eustace whispered into Fitzgerald's ear.

One of the female worshippers began to wail and thrash about.

"Why don't they stop her," Jim asked. "The dumb broad's ruining the whole show."

"No, she's part of it. That is how our god makes his presence known."

The woman continued to moan, and several people joined her gyrations. Fitzgerald recognized a few people in the crowd he had gypped just hours ago. Now these and everyone else at the gathering were writhing on the dirt, tearing clothing and hair in an effort to seek release from a painful tension.

A huge cloud of black smoke appeared, followed immediately by a great crash of thunder. Everyone stopped still and waited, listened intently.

The old man spoke again. The congregation bowed their heads.


A rustle in the jungle behind them broke the silence. Jim's eyes nearly bugged at the sight.

"My god! What are they!"

"Zombies," came the fateful reply. "Bodies of the dead brought once again back into life. Do not worry—they cannot harm you unless given the order. They are machines—ah, what is your word—robots."

Fitzgerald stared at the creatures with a fascination that only the ultimate horror can create. They were obviously corpses—some with flesh beginning to separate from exposed bone—with the eyes of dead fish drying on the beach. Tattered cloth, remnants of shrouds

(Continued on page 38)



"Stop it, whoever and whatever you are!" Martha screamed in terror. "Go back to Hell! Both of you!"

HENRY, look—I've finally got them!"

He looked up from his newspaper and was thoroughly annoyed. If there was one thing he hated most of all it was being interrupted while he was reading. And Martha seemed especially talented at interrupting him.

"What do you have?" he asked grumpily, not really caring, but hoping she'd leave him in peace once she told him.

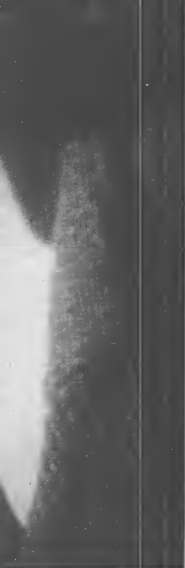
"The keys to the old Franklin place—number 34. You know, the haunted house I told you about yesterday."

"Martha, it seems like that's all you do—tell me things I don't want to know about. I realize the doctor says you're supposed to have a hobby so you'll do something besides eating. But really, this ghost nonsense is a little too much. It gets on my nerves. Besides it's nearly dinner time and you've haven't started cooking yet. What are we going to have?"

"Oh, I don't know—something I guess," her voice trailed off as she went into the kitchen. "But how could you possibly think about food now? Just wait until I tell the girls. They'll simply die!"

"Not a particularly bad idea," Henry said dryly to himself. Sometimes he wished she had never gone on that diet. Martha was overweight, but before at least she had sense to stay put where she belonged. Now that fool of a doctor kept telling her to go out more and "do things." She must have joined a dozen women's clubs all crammed full with cackling biddies. And now all this nonsense about ghosts—another one of Martha's kicks. Last week it had been bird watching.

"Women are crazy," sighed the long-suffering Henry.



*Every night the mansion resounded
to the screams of faceless horrors
replaying a moment of savage crime.*

THE GHOST IS COMING TO TAKE ME TO HELL

by CHARLES DOBEY

But if he expected to ease his troubles in the solid comforts of a good dinner, he was in for a big disappointment.

"This is the third time this week we've had canned spaghetti," he complained, looking at the pale pink substance that lay like limp worms on his plate.

"I know and I'm very sorry. But you see I've been so busy this week. Time just seems to fly out the window. Now hurry up and eat because I'm having some people over and I want to have everything cleared up. Honestly, I haven't been this busy in years!"

She jumped up from the table and quickly gathered a bunch of dishes in her pudgy arms. Martha dropped half of them before she made it into the kitchen.

"Do you want to stay for the meeting, Henry? You're perfectly welcome to. Sometimes I get the distinct impression that you're really not very interested in what I'm doing. Henry? Henry, are you there?"

Henry had made a quick decision to go for a walk and maybe get something to eat in a restaurant somewhere. He left even before Martha had reached the kitchen.

At eleven o'clock Henry came back. He walked into the livingroom and sniffed disgustedly at the air. The room reaked of tobacco smoke. As Henry never touched a cigarette and couldn't abide anybody who did, he was very angry. He went to raise a window and it opened with a loud bang.

"Henry, is that you?" came Martha's disembodied voice floating from the bedroom.

"No, it's Philip of Macedonia. I'm getting tired of all this. First your friends swarm in here and drive me out of my own house. Then they guzzle (Continued on Next Page)

down all my best liquor. And then to top it off, they stink up the house with their foul smoke. I'm sick of it, I tell you!"

"Now calm down and come in here. You know perfectly well I have to have plenty of interests to occupy my time while I'm losing weight. And I'm doing it just for you."

Henry stood outside the door. He was still furious.

"Don't be that way, sweetie. Now sit down and let me tell you what happened tonight."

He groaned inwardly and eased his lanky frame down on one of Martha's overstuffed pink monstrosities. Last month her main occupation had been interior decorating.

"That Franklin place—you remember—well, one of the girls knows quite a lot about its history, and when she found out that I had the keys to the house, why she nearly died on the spot," Martha's jaws shook with laughter. "You should have seen her. Anyway, would you believe it—she spent nearly two hours trying to talk us out of going there tomorrow night."

"Us?" Henry asked politely.

"Oh, I guess I forgot to tell you. I knew you wouldn't mind. You're going with me tomorrow night. Everybody keeps talking about how haunted that house is and I'm just dying to find out for myself. And naturally I wouldn't want to go alone."

"Naturally," commented Henry.

"And I know you want to be included in the things I'm interested in," blithely continued Martha, choosing to ignore Henry's sarcasm. "Ghosts are so exciting really. We'll leave her at about ten o'clock tomorrow night. That way we can be settled in the Franklin mansion well before midnight. You'll have a wonderful time, Henry, I just know it."

TEN O'CLOCK the next night found the two of them standing nervously outside their front door.

"Please hurry, dear," Martha said as Henry fumbled with the keys. "I don't want to be late."

"We've got plenty of time," Henry answered crossly to hide his own growing feelings of excitement. But he'd be damned before he'd admit them to his wife.

This was ridiculous, he thought to himself, as he felt Martha's arm slip into his and both walked down the driveway and onto the street. Everything he was totally against—the feminine interest in "deep" matters which always

turned into a scatterbrained escapade leading nowhere, the supernatural (which usually could be explained away by simple logic and applied science), barging in on somebody else's property, and just empty houses in general. Henry always caught cold whenever he had to go into a place that wasn't heated or aired properly.

"My goodness," Martha exclaimed, hugging Henry's arm until it hurt, "just look at all the stars. Why, there must be a million of them. We have to turn left at the next corner. And what a huge moon there is tonight. It's just the perfect setting for a ghost hunt."

The short walk to the Franklin house was venturesome. Martha as usual kept up a steady banter of inane conversation. And equally customarily, Henry stayed silent, letting his thoughts slip in among the few breaks of his wife's dialogue.

The surrounding neighborhood had seen better days. Most of the old mansions had been turned into rooming houses or apartments. They approached number 34. It looked exactly like all the other row houses on the block, except a bit shabbier.

"All these places were built around 1860," said Martha, filling in a five-second gap in the conversation. "Each one is basically the same. First floor has the kitchen; second floor has the parlor, library and drawing room; third floor's the bedrooms; and the servants live, or used to live, on the fourth floor. There's also a tiny front yard and a slightly larger back yard."

They stood in front of the house and looked up. The moon appeared from behind a thick blanket of clouds and lighted a window on the fourth floor.

"See, what did I tell you?" Martha hugged his arm again. "The house is really haunted. That window—the second from the right on the fourth story—that's where the crime was committed. And it's the only window that the moon lit up. I'm so excited, Henry, I could just faint. Isn't this the most wonderful thing we've ever done together? My heart's beating just as fast as it can!"

"Did you remember to bring the key, Martha? Yes? Very good. Now give it to me and let's go inside. The night air's making my lumbago act up again."

He inserted the key into the old-fashioned lock, turned it, twisted it again in the other direction. Screws and bolts clicked. The door opened.

THEY WALKED into the hall about ten feet.

"My goodness—what was that!"

"The wind blew the door shut, that's all. Look, Martha, I wish you wouldn't hang around my neck like that. I can hardly breathe."

Martha reluctantly released her hold but kept close to the side of her husband.

"Did you bring the flashlight? I left it right on the kitchen table."

"No, Henry. I thought candles would be a lot more fun—more romantic, you know. Here, I brought plenty." She reached inside her voluminous purse and took out a handful of half-used candles. They were left over from the last hurricane.

Henry grumbled as he lighted two of them. He walked forward with Martha timidly clinging behind. They had decided beforehand to make a detailed inspection of the house so that if anything strange happened later on, they'd be sure it wasn't caused by a loose floorboard or an open window tapping in the breeze.

The door to the library slammed shut. Both gave an automatic gasp.

"Stop it, Martha. These old houses are just settling. There probably isn't a door in the whole place that will stay open. Now, let's go down into the kitchen."

They descended the stairs. The kitchen was large and dirty with a stove and ice box dating from around 1910. A look in the pantry and servants' dining room was next—nothing in either of them but a few scattered sticks of broken furniture and the smell of stale air.

They climbed the stairs to the ground floor and went up to the third story.

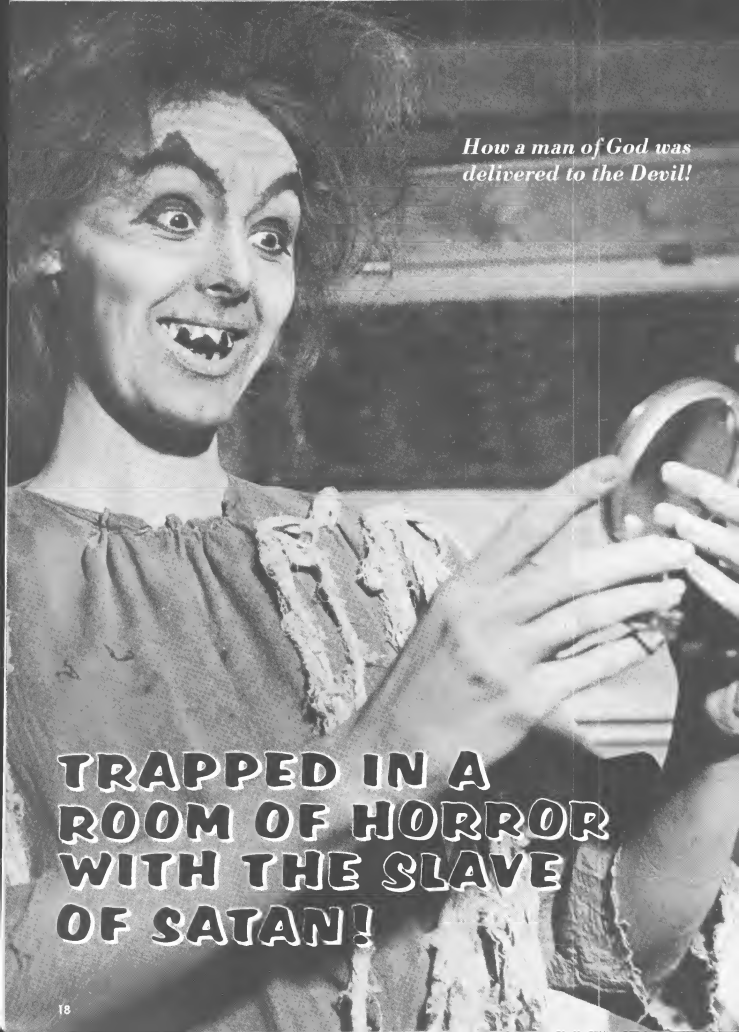
"Let's see. If that map you've made is correct, Martha, we should be right outside the master bedroom. Here—it's got a fireplace. This must be right."

Henry lighted another candle.

"Now that we're actually here, why don't you tell me what happened in this old place? You said it would be 'more fun' if we waited until we were inside before you hit me with all the gory details."

"All right, Henry. I already told you the house was built in 1860. About twenty years later, the house was sold. The new family moved in. Everything was fine until they decided to sail to Europe for a few months. They left the servants behind. One night," Martha's voice sunk to a low and frightened level,

(Continued on page 47)



*How a man of God was
delivered to the Devil!*

**TRAPPED IN A
ROOM OF HORROR
WITH THE SLAVE
OF SATAN!**



by T. W. MANNERING

"THIS IS A fine time to get a flat," Ralph grumbled to himself as he brought the car to a jerky halt beside a copse of elm trees that seemed to be the only kind of tall vegetation growing as far as the eye could see. "And of course I don't have a spare."

He climbed out of the car and turning his head around, looked for signs of human inhabitation. There weren't any. The forest seemed to stretch for miles until it gradually lost itself in low-slung hills far away. Ralph shrugged and taking a jacket to keep himself warm against the chill of a damp evening, he began walking down the country lane. He knew that eventually he would come across a house or a farm or a village, and at least by walking he would avoid spending an uncomfortable night trying to sleep on the back seat.

"Damn that tire anyway!" He had meant to have the spare fixed—in fact it was probably waiting for him at the gas station—but ever since the divorce, he had been too busy feeling sorry for himself to do anything constructive.

The divorce—it brought back a flood of bitter memories as he tried to clear a path through tangled brush with only a few scattered stars overhead as a source of light. He had been married to Myra for almost five years when he received that letter in the mail. It wasn't even a letter—just a typed note that she didn't even bother to sign. She had found somebody else and she was very sorry but . . . etc. There was no property settlement and he didn't have to pay Myra any alimony, but all that wasn't important. He had lost the only person he had ever cared for. It had been (*Continued on next page*)

agony for him and even after six months it was only now that he could raise himself and try to begin re-living his existence.

Ralph had asked for and received permission for a two-break vacation from work. He hadn't even told his friends where he was going. In fact, he wasn't quite sure himself. He just packed a suitcase, got in the car and drove off. Maybe a short separation from everything and everyone he knew would help to ease the dull ache in his heart. So far it hadn't been too successful. To avoid meeting people and answering painful questions, he traveled mostly by night, sleeping during the day, and in the small, all-night diners he frequented he found his mind wandering back to happier times, times he had spent with Myra. Bitterness overwhelmed his soul, for he had really loved her.

A beam of light broke through the trees.

"Ah ha, a house."

Ralph headed toward the beacon, moving slower now as the low branches and exposed roots became more common and made walking very difficult.

He came to the light—just a lamp shining through the windows of a small house.

Ralph walked over to the door and knocked. No answer. He rapped louder this time. Still nothing. Finally he pounded with all his might. A querulous voice on the other side of the door asked: "Who is it? What do you want?"

Ralph cleared his throat. "Um, my car's got a flat down the road a little ways. And I'd really appreciate it if you'd let me use your phone."

"You're not from the town, are you?"

"No, I'm a stranger around here. I won't hurt you. Really."

"Well, all right. I suppose I

can trust you."

The door opened. Ralph gave a start and nearly fainted with shock. Myra! No, wait a moment. He looked again at the figure standing in the half-light of the low threshold. Not Myra—smaller, more fragile, younger—but still the resemblance was astounding.

"Is anything the matter?"

"No, you just look like my . . . you look like somebody I used to know."

The girl smiled, showing perfectly even, white teeth. "I must look like a lot of people because nearly everyone tells me that. Please come in."

Ralph had to stoop to enter the house and once inside, found his head uncomfortably near the ceiling.

"The phone's over there. But if I remember correctly, the gas station closes at six and re-opens at six the next morning. It's after seven now. But it's all right," the girl said, seeing a look of worry covering Ralph's face, "you can stay here. I trust you."

"Thanks, but I'd hate to put you out."

"No problem at all. It gets a bit lonely here living alone and sometimes I like to have a little company. Luckily for you you caught me in one of my social moods."

THEY BOTH laughed and the girl invited Ralph to sit down. She made them some dinner and while they ate, they talked. She was a schoolteacher in the town and traveled the ten miles to the one-room schoolhouse every day. Her name was Elsa and she didn't get along very well with the rest of the town.

"That's why I moved out here—to get away from those idiots. Now enough about me.

What brought you here to this part of this country?"

To his amazement, Ralph found himself telling Elsa his story and he included several bits of information that were too painful for him to say even to his closest friends. There was something about Elsa—her gentle smile and winning grace—that made Ralph want to unburden his heart to her. And she listened with head cocked sideways as if she delighted in hearing each word.

After he finished his story, Elsa smiled sadly. "Your ex-wife sounds like a cruel, selfish woman. I suppose you'd like to seek revenge."

"Well, no. In fact to be perfectly truthful, the thought never entered my mind."

"Don't worry. It will. Now how about some entertainment? I've got something here that's sure to please you."

Ralph was agreeable and Elsa went over to an old, carved bureau. She rummaged around in the bottom drawer until she finally stood up. In her hands she was carrying what looked like a painted board. She blew off the dust and laughed.

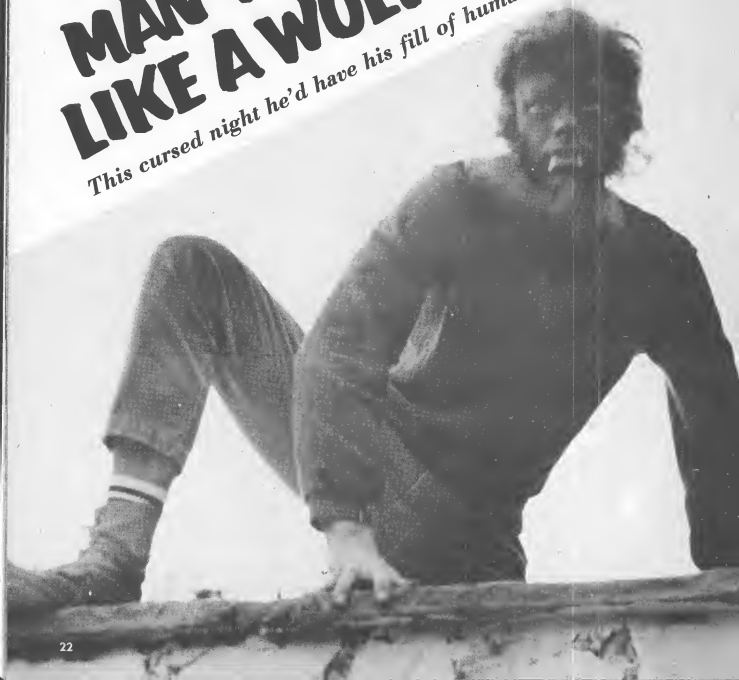
"As you can see, I use this every day."

"But what is it?"

"It's a ouija board. Some people say it's just a parlor game. Maybe it is, but I've had some pretty good luck with it. It's quite simple to use," she said as she cleared off a place at the table and gently put the board down so that it was facing Ralph. "All you do is ask it questions. We'll start with simple yes or no questions. You ask the question, then both of us will hold this thing. It's called a planchette," and she held up the triangular-shaped object for Ralph's (Continued on page 42)

ONE LAST DEATH PROWL FOR THE MAN WHO HOWLED LIKE A WOLF!

This cursed night he'd have his fill of human blood and flesh.



by MICHAEL PRAETORIUS

"DEAR LORD—not again!"

He clutched his hands to his sweating, contorted face and felt the features coarsen, turn wild, animalistic, hairy. A loud moan shook his body as normal human spine hunched over in agony to form a wolf-like curve—and the process was complete.

Crouching in the moonlight was a being, a creature who belonged neither to the world of men nor to the world of animals. He leaned against a tree, the rough bark scratching and soothing the tormented hide that had arisen in seconds from soft flesh.

A few moments longer, and what remained of his human mind would be enveloped by a more powerful one, a brain that knew nothing of honesty, dignity, pride, right or wrong. He arched his back as a low growl erupted deep within his hair-covered throat. Another heart-stopping howl knifed through the silvery night. He loped, then cantered across moon-lighted meadow.

Bounding easily up the ten-foot incline, the man-changed-wolf yelped and raced on the border of the peaceful lake. As one of the creatures of night, he loved darkness and the sound of gentle nocturnal animals scurrying home into the undergrowth. It was good to be free, to feel the wind rip through shaggy locks as he ran—sometimes on four feet, sometimes on two—into the wilderness of out-lying districts that were too lonely for human inhabitants.

He stopped short, panted softly, crouched in hiding. A human male was walking in the woods. Like all other animals, the demi-wolf could hear the man miles away. Human kind would never know the secret of moving silently through the foliage. They foolishly thought since they could see nothing in the night, that nothing was there. The lobo gave a quivering growl of delight as he waited in ambush for a man stupid enough to trespass on land clearly belonging to animals.

He allowed the mortal to tramp past



How could I tell Susan who I was, that I was a cannibal who ate human flesh.

him, then easily followed the wide wake of crushed plants and the sound of clumsy, plodding feet. But this was no fun—it was too simple. No challenge. At least a deer or even a rabbit had sense enough to keep its presence a reasonable mystery.

The man-wolf felt pride in his ability as he noiselessly tracked past the human being. The man was dressed as a hunter, but as any animal knew, the season for taking game was far away. He must be a poacher, killing when he had no right, when the females were still carrying their young. As an enemy of the forest, he had to be stopped.

The wolf growled loudly. The man tensed and wildly turning around, raised

his gun in the darkness. While the mortal was wasting precious time in trying to force his eyes to focus where there was no light, the wolf sneaked back and attacked. The man screamed as fangs bit down on skin and attempted to fend off the creature with the butt of his rifle. But the wolf was clever, more cunning than the man. He lunged and brought the poacher down heavily into the grass. Then he began to bite, to gnaw until the man struggled no longer. Human blood was delicious as he took mouthful after mouthful of steaming entrails and warm flesh. After satisfying his hunger, he bounded to the other side of the forest, found a large patch of moss, and lay down (Continued on Next Page)

to sleep.

Morning came. In the guise of a man, he awoke. His entire body was a mass of aches that resulted from using muscles not generally employed any more by human beings. He looked down at his ripped shirt. Blood!

"My God—I've murdered again!"

His sorrow was too deep for tears. The congealed blood in his mouth was foul. He reeked of death. A killer of men, a cannibal, he was not fit to be called a man.

A stream nearby soon washed his body free from stain. But what of his heart? Last night had seen the finish of the full moon. He would have a month of grace before the dread transformation once again took place. A month.

His mind wandered back to the events that had taken place only weeks ago. It was night and he couldn't sleep. He left the house in the village and walked through the silent forest. A woman's wail reached his ears. He ran to the sound and in front of his startled eyes, saw an old woman battling for her life against a wolf—the largest he had ever seen in his life. Taking a stout piece from a fallen tree limb, he went to drive the beast away. But it turned on him and bit his arm. Then it yelped, and tail between its legs, flung itself headlong into the woods.

He helped the old woman to her feet. She was an ancient gypsy. She sobbed. She told him that he should have let the wolf devour her. Then a fantastic story followed. The wolf was her son! Transformed by some dread supernatural agency each time the moon glowed her fullest, he was doomed by fate to change into an animal. Death had no power over him until he bit—but did not kill—another mortal being.

"You are cursed now," the old woman had moaned. "When the moon is full—*beware!* That silver ring on your finger saved you from death. But better yet had you died a peaceful death. There can be no hope for you now!"

She had disappeared into the night in eternal search for her fatescarred son, and he never saw her again.

By the next morning, the fang marks had disappeared completely. He dismissed the woman's story as the idle ramblings of a half-insane wanderer. But when the moon had reached her zenith, he found the tale to be true.

Twice before he had murdered, both had been unwary travelers in

the darkness. The third night he was free from the taint of human blood. But on the fourth and final, again had he killed.

He finished bathing and wearily limped back to the village.

"What do you mean you can't marry me?" Tears filled Susan's beautiful, crystal eyes. "Oh, Charles, don't you love me? Don't I mean anything to you?"

She cupped her face in both hands and cried.

Charles tried to comfort her. "As God is my witness, I do love you. But we can never be married. I'm not worthy of you. I'm trash beneath your feet, Susan," he said passionately, "please try to understand. I don't want to hurt you."

"It's a little too late for that," she said bitterly. Quickly getting to her feet, she ran from him, up the stairs and into her room. She collapsed on her bed, sobbing wildly.

Charles quietly left her house. His heart was broken.

"There's no one who can help me now—damned by fate into an everlasting hell," he formed the words in his mind. "No escape—not even death's!"

But he had to tell someone. He had to ease his conscience—even though he knew no one would believe him. Vaguely he remembered as an animal, hiding the broken bodies of his victims so carefully that not even the other forest creatures could find them. And what if some townspeople did discover the bodies and he told them that he was responsible for the murders? Some of the ignorant ones would surround his house, carry him screaming and protesting to the nearest tree, and lynch him on the spot. They'd try to kill him!

He laughed bitterly. Death was exactly what he wanted, yet it was the very thing forever denied him.

A name popped into his head—Professor Gillian at the University! He graduated over four years ago, but he had kept in contact with the gentle old man. Maybe he would believe him. At least he would listen.

Charles ran to his house and with shaking fingers dialed the number. Thank God the Professor was at home.

"Yes, of course I remember you, Charles. Is anything the matter? Can't say it over the phone? Sounds pretty serious. All right, come over. I'll be expecting you within the hour."

Charles hung up and dashed outside. He climbed into the car, put it into gear, and drove as quickly as law would allow the fifty miles to the city where the University was located.

Professor Gillian received him in his home. They made some small talk over brandy and oranges. Charles was visibly nervous and the Professor wisely delayed delving into what troubled the young man until he was more at ease.

"All right, Charles," the older man said kindly. "What's the matter?"

The ex-student blurted out the entire story almost in one breath. He tried, but failed, to control the tears already forming in his eyes. To his astonishment he watched the Professor sit immobile.

THE OLD MAN arose and stiffly walked to the window, drew back the lace curtains to let in more of the heavy golden afternoon light that cascaded through the panes of glass and made ornate patterns on the floor. This was his favorite room—part study, part library, and now, part confessional. He was silent for a moment, then he spoke, choosing each word carefully.

"Lycanthropy—I had thought such things had disappeared from the face of the earth by now. Oh yes," he said, seeing a look of amazement spread across Charles' face. "I believe it happens. I've seen too much of the world not to recognize something I can't understand or explain. Men are turned into wolves during the light of a full moon. Perhaps it's psychosomatic—the human brain does have some marvelous, hidden talents that we still know nothing of. But then again, the supernatural is a powerful, driving force, far more potent than puny, mortal strength. Frankly, Charles, I don't know what to do."

"But I can suggest this—continue living as normally as possible. Visit your friends—and that includes Susan, my boy. In the meantime, I'll try to think of some way to help you."

Charles left the kindly teacher's house feeling that there was no hope for him. Of course he was grateful for the old man's attention and obvious concern. And he was thankful that Professor Gillian believed him. But there would have to be something other than gentle, soothing words to cure him of this unspeakable horror.

He took the older man's advice and went to see Susan. He told her that he wasn't feeling very well and that was the reason behind his cruel words and strange actions of late.

He tried to dissuade her, but Susan insisted that he have a complete physical examination. In fact, she gave him no peace until he made an appointment with the town's doctor and promised faithfully to see him.

"What the hell," Charles thought later on, "I may as well see the doctor."

He kept the appointment made for the following week. In the course of the examination, the physician took routine urine and blood samples. Then he weighed, tapped, felt and measured.

After the tests, the doctor leaned across the highly-polished desk and said, "You're in fine health, son. I wish I had your vitality and energy."

Charles didn't answer.

A week had gone by when he received an urgent call from the doctor. He went to see him without telling anyone.

"Sit down, Charles." The doctor's face was tense, drawn. "I sent the blood and urine samples to the lab. They were analyzed and the results sent to me this morning."

"What is it, Doctor," said Charles, mildly interested. It was impossible for anything to kill him; and maybe an exotic disease or two might give him a hobby while he waited for the terrible changes in the moon. "I've been a good boy, so it can't be a social disease. And just about everything else I can think of I've been already vaccinated against."

"Unfortunately, Charles," the doctor said in a low voice as he put his hand on the young man's shoulder, "there is no vaccination against—leukemia!"

The room spun around Charles as he experienced two powerful, conflicting emotions at once—joy and despair. He put his hands heavily on the desk to steady himself. In a shaking voice, he whispered, "How long?"

"I don't know. Maybe in a year, perhaps five. But Charles," he grasped both unsteady shoulders with gentle hands, "there is hope. Why, every day new advances are being made. Next week there may be a complete cure available. You've got to keep that hope alive!"

"As my body slowly dies, is that it, Doctor?" The bitterness of it all overwhelmed his soul. Doomed for a

hideous life or sentenced to a lingering, painful death. It was comical—both meant exactly the same. "Six of one, half a dozen of the other" went through his mind as Charles tried to clear his head of the dizzying fog.

HE STOOD up to leave. "Thank you, Doctor," he murmured, rapidly composing his voice, "for telling me. It will be easier this way."

"Charles, if there's anything I can do, anything at all..."

"There is one thing—tell no one about this. I don't want anyone to know."

The doctor promised to keep silent and Charles left the office.

Susan began noticing the change in Charles' behavior. "You don't seem to care about anything anymore. You used to love to go strawberry-picking with me. You'd take long walks in the woods—in fact it was a real effort just to get you to come home again. Now you avoid the forest like the plague. Dear, what's troubling you? You can tell me. Really."

"It's nothing, nothing at all. I'm just a little tired. Look honey, would you be angry with me if I took a long drive just by myself. You wouldn't? That's my baby!"

He kissed her forehead and walked over to the car. Susan continued sitting on his front step. She was nearly frantic with worry that something was gravely the matter, something too deep for Charles to say even to her. But she knew he needed support and tried to put up a front, as brave as possible. The strain was beginning to show and she tried not to nag him. Susan admitted, however, that she wasn't always successful. As the car pulled away, she waved and smiled. Then she crooked her head in the hollow of her elbow as dry sobs wracked her slender shoulders.

Charles had to see Professor Gillian. So far no one but he and the Doctor knew of the impending doom. The assistant who had performed the actual test had no idea of whose blood he had watched under the microscope. Charles felt that the Professor should know the full story. He had picked up the habit of keeping calendars constantly around him. And as he looked at the small one taped to the dashboard of the car, he shuddered. The four days, ominously encircled in black pencil, were rapidly approaching. Much less than a

week separated him from the agonizing transformation of man into heartless beast.

The Professor once again received him in the library.

"Sit down and have some tea. I just made a potful and was sitting here wishing I had someone to share it with. Now then, what's new?"

"I have leukemia."

The Professor dropped the cup. It shattered and sent its liquid contents spreading across the old-fashioned parquet floor like a contagious epidemic of darkest fear on a sleeping city.

He made no movement to clean up the mess. "Tell me about it."

Charles told him. All the while, the Professor listened intently to each word.

At the conclusion of the tragic tale, the old man sat like a defeated general in the tent of the enemy. Hands hung limply between parted knees, head dejectedly lowered to look with unseeing eyes at the stain on the floor.

SUDDENLY he jumped up. "Thank heavens!" he cried as he hurriedly limped to the book case.

"Charles, we might have a way out! It's only a slim chance, mind you, but it might work. Now if I can only find that blasted book." Long-cherished volumes were flung out of his hands in the frantic search. He kicked fallen books impatiently out of his way as he went to the next bookcase. "Ah, here it is."

He placed the book on the desk and rapidly thumbed through it. "This is a book on the supernatural—had it so long I forgot it was here. It's a stupid work I picked up in a book stall fifty years ago—but I think it still holds. Here's the passage we want. Listen."

He read it distinctly: Blood taken from the victims of the fiendish lycanthropist, shows a remarkable substance not found in normal life fluid. Small bodies infest the blood. Neither red nor white corpuscles, they are a product of the wolf-man's own physical chemistry and disappear rapidly after the days of the full moon are completed.

Charles was puzzled. "I don't understand. How can this help me?"

"For the simple reason that the leukemia—white cells attacking the red until the body is starved for oxygen and results in death—may converge on the third type of blood

(Continued on page 46)

THE DEVIL NEEDS



The God-bereft girl had to perform a hideous sacrifice before she was permitted into the screeching ranks of Devil-worshippers.

YOUR SOUL

by EDWARD HAMPTON

"NO, you guys go ahead. I'm going to stick around and finish this thing."

Chris nodded to her four friends as the girls laughingly left the library. Then she quickly returned to her reading. This was the most fascinating book she had ever come across before. She found herself getting more and more involved with each sentence. And the strange thing about it was that she only understood half of what she was reading. But that made no difference to her.

The closing bell rang and snapped Chris back into the present. Grabbing the volume, she ran to the sign-out desk and quickly filled out a card. Then book in hand, she left the library and walked out into the crisp, autumn air.

A few hours before, she had agreed to accompany her friends to the library. Two of the girls had term papers that were due the next morning. And the other pair went to stare at the cute assistant librarian the college had just hired. Chris had gone just to bum around. She didn't want to stay in her dorm room and a noisy evening spent in the crowded student union wasn't exactly appealing to her right now.

She was going through some bad changes. She felt that she wasn't getting anything out of college, and at the same time was positive that she couldn't make anything out of herself without that diploma. So Chris had gone with the girls to have a quiet but not a lonely place to think out her problems.

She walked through the book stacks that reached up taller than she was and found herself in the last row—the one the librarians used to file books that defied all other classification. Wandering up and down the bookshelves, Chris idly glanced at the titles—*Bee Keeping*, *Billiards*, *Black Mass*. Wait!

"This sounds interesting," Chris murmured to herself as she stopped in front of the thick volume. "*A History of the Black Mass*. It's certainly grimy enough. Wow, according to date stamped in the back, the last time this thing was taken out was in 1907."

She rapidly dusted off the book and began reading the first chapter. It was wonderful. Before she knew it, (Continued on next page)



At first, the chanting was gay. "Come, oh come, Satan. Incline thine ear and harken unto us, thy servants."

Chris had devoured the second and third chapters too. Maybe God was dead after all, but as far as the book was concerned, the Devil certainly wasn't. He lived. It made sense to Chris.

She pulled herself away from her reading just long enough to walk back to her friends and was hardly aware of the silly chatter going on around her. She hadn't regretted their leaving.

Chris walked down the library stairs still deep in thought. She wished she had somebody to talk to. She couldn't keep all the new knowledge to herself.

"The girls are all right," she thought to herself, "but I don't think they would understand. Not one person in sight. Maybe I'll call up one of my professors and he'll

"Look out, miss! Do you want to get killed or something?"

A car had narrowly missed hitting her. The squeal of brakes had brought her back to reality and the driver was angrily leaning out the window.

"That's a dandy way to commit suicide, lady. Why don't you write a theme about it for freshman comp?"

Under the glare of overhanging streetlights she had guessed the owner of the angry voice. It was the new assistant librarian.

"I'm sorry," Chris said. "It's just that I was so involved in this book." And like a naughty child anxious to ward off punishment, she held the guilty object before her.

The man's voice softened. "I know just how it is. I've missed

countless buses, train stops and elevator floors myself just by getting into a book. I'm sorry I yelled at you, but you'd look pretty lousy with tire treads on your face instead of dimples. Let me drive you over to the dorms. I'm headed that way anyway."

Chris hopped in and the car started off.

"You're the new assistant librarian, aren't you?" said Chris, knowing perfectly well he was, but anxious to start a conversation anyway.

"Yes. And you're the girl who wanders around the library in a daze. I've noticed you before. What are you doing, trying out for the role of Lady Macbeth?"

Chris laughed. "No, it's just that I have a few problems to solve,

Red flames of evil licked about the young girl's feet as the Prince of Darkness welcomed her into his bridal chamber.

that's all. By the way, my name's Chris."

"Mine's Joel. Your servant, madame." And he gave a comic bow. "What book did you get a hold of, anyway?"

"It's this one, a history of the Black Mass. Wow, is it interesting!"

"That's pretty heavy stuff for a dizzy coed. Um, it's still early. How about having a cup of coffee with me? We can talk about your literary adventure."

Chris agreed and they drove past the group of dorms and headed for a small diner nearby in the next town.

Over steaming cups of coffee, they talked. Chris was amazed at how much Joel knew about the supernatural in general and the Black Mass in particular. He gave a long, fascinating lecture on it from ancient times right up to the present, complete with plenty of facts and figures. Chris listened spell-bound.

"And," Joel continued, "the worship of devils has always been a part of our culture. Witness the popularity of the Albigensian heresy in the Middle Ages. And before that, the Manichaean sect that for centuries rivaled the sweep of Christianity across the Roman Empire. Many people still believe that evil is stronger than good, and want to be on the winning side."

"What about you? Do you think Satan is more powerful than God?"

"Frankly, yes. But to understand why, you've got to get rid of all those Sunday school ideas you have about the Devil. He doesn't wear red long-johns and have little pointy ears and tail. And he certainly doesn't go around suddenly appearing in smelly clouds of burning sulphur."

"It sounds like you know a lot about him. Be honest—have you ever seen him?"

"Ah, that would be telling," Joel laughed softly. "But if you're so interested, finish reading the book and meet me in front of the library at eight o'clock Friday night. I'll tell you more about it then."

"Hey," he said, looking at his watch, "do you realize that we just spent two hours drinking a cup of coffee?"

"I'll have to go now. If I don't get back before curfew, my dorm leader will have my hide."

"Selfish woman," Joel smiled. "That would be such a waste."

And stubbing the last of their cigarettes into the ash-filled saucers, the two rose to leave.

"Don't tell anyone about Friday night. And you will meet me, won't you?" Joel leaned his head out of the car window in front of the dorm.

"I promise," Chris called back as she raced up the steps to sign in.

THE WEEK DRAGGED for Chris. She tried to concentrate on her studies, but found herself cutting more and more classes and spending much time reading alone. The book grew on her. She finished it and went back to read the preface. She discovered a lonely stretch of woods that in another year would be the site of a new science building. No one ever came there and she had time to sit, read and think in privacy.

Eventually Friday rolled around—ten o'clock, noon, supper time, then finally at ten minutes to eight, Chris stood impatiently in front of the library, carefully staring at each approaching car and clutching the precious book to her heart.

"Hey, silly, I'm over here!"

She quickly turned her head and saw Joel with arms crossed leaning casually against the far side of the building. He unfolded his arms, straightened himself and walked towards her.

"I was sure you wouldn't show up," said Chris, relief flooding her voice.

"Funny, I was thinking the same about you. Come on, the car's over there. I parked it far away so nobody would see us drive off together. It's a stupid rule of the college, but faculty and staff aren't allowed to associate with the female students. And I don't want to get canned—even if you are a gorgeous chick."

Chris felt a happy blush start from her cheeks and go up to her ears.

"Now, isn't that nice," Joel joked. "How did you know red was my favorite color?"

The pair walked to the car, got in, and Joel started the engine.

"You know," he said as he carefully steered the vehicle through the curing, pebble-strewn driveway, "this is going to be a real adventure for both of us. You've never been to a Black Mass and this is the first time I've ever brought a neophyte with me."

"What's a neophyte?" Chris asked, puzzled because she hadn't come across that particular word in her reading.

"It's a beginner, an inductee."

That's a tenth-grade vocabulary word, silly. It'll only take us half an hour to get there but we're already a bit late. I wanted to wait until dusk to kidnap you—less chance of anyone's seeing us. The others are waiting. And so to put you in the right mood, I'll start with a little music until we get there."

Reaching down, Joel switched on his portable tape recorder. Immediately the occupants of the car were surrounded by unaccompanied male voices rising in eerie pitches and strange wails.

"Hey, I know that from music appreciation. It's a Gregorian chant. Wait a minute—it's in the Myxolydian mode. How's that for intelligence?"

"I'm impressed. But I see you don't know your Latin. It's not God they're praising." He lowered his voice melodramatically. "It's the Other One. But the chant does date from the fifth century. And I take your word that it's in that church mode. Now be quiet for a few minutes and let the music sooth your soul."

Chris leaned back and listened. Then she gazed out the window. It was strange—the familiar countryside, things she had known so well, seemed to take on a new, weird perspective under the influence of the unearthly chant. She closed her eyes and felt herself transported in time, to another century she was sure, but whether past or future she really couldn't say.

The car pulled up in front of a dilapidated building Chris had passed a hundred times before but had never actually noticed. The broken windows were in utter darkness.

Joel turned off the cassette but continued the plainsong in a rich baritone voice. He opened the car door and, still singing, led Chris to the entrance of the old ruin. By this time she knew the unending melody well enough to hum it hesitatingly in a sweet soprano. Joel nodded to her, smiled his encouragement, then began singing louder.

A third voice joined theirs just behind the weatherbeaten door. Hinges creaked, revealing a black-robed figure carrying an ornate candelabrum. The cloaked man turned, and flickering light held high, disappeared into the dark recesses of the building. Joel genty guided Chris inside, carefully closing the door. The bolt shot home, but the echo only served to

(Continued on page 50)



The sorcerer, dead 300 years, turned up to act the role of himself on the play's opening night.

THE MAD MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN

by ALDEN FRANZ



The man in costume wasn't following the script. With a howl, he leaped upon Carol, knocked her on her back.

"CAROL, if you're not doing anything special after work, how about going with me to that meeting I told you about? It won't be anything great, but I guarantee you'll have a good time."

Carol Connors looked up from her typewriter and smiled at Mary. She said OK and went back to typing. Actually she was pleased at the invitation. Although she had only been in New York for a little over two months, she already discovered how difficult it was to make friends in the great city. Her tiny room in the cheap but clean woman's hotel got pretty lonely at night, and this was the

first time she had something definite to do after work.

Mary, who worked with her in the secretarial pool of a large insurance company, was more or less involved with a small amateur acting group and the meeting she had mentioned was called to discuss plans for a new play to be put on in the near future.

Five o'clock came and the girls left the office, had something to eat in a nearby restaurant, and got on a subway. The acting company's theatre was located in lower Manhattan.

"To tell you the

(Continued on Next Page)

truth," Mary admitted, "'theatre' doesn't quite describe our place. It's more like a loft with a couple of folding chairs set up. But the people are really great and I'm sure you'll like them."

They approached the studio and went up four long flights of steps to the studio.

"Hi, everybody," Mary cheerfully called out. "This is Carol. She's interested in joining the group."

"You've come at a great time, Carol," a nice-looking man in jeans and a work shirt said. "We really need new members." He stopped hammering a set and walked over to the girls. "Hi. My name's Jim Gathway. I'm sort of the director around here."

"What do you mean 'sort of'?" Carol," Mary confided, "this guy runs the whole show. And if he weren't so good at it, nobody could stand him. Talk about being pushy!"

The three of them laughed. Then Mary excused herself to paint some flats. Jim asked Carol to help make costumes. He took her to a group of people seated on the floor, and seeing that she was introduced, he went back to work. But he returned frequently to see how she was doing, and each time he came, Carol felt her heart beat a little faster.

The time passed quickly. She felt at home with the friendly little bunch and even though she was still a bit shy with them, Carol enjoyed their company.

Two hours later, Jim interrupted the work in progress. He asked everyone to form a circle around him. Carol seated herself with the others and waited expectantly.

Jim smiled at her, then his gaze took in the entire group.

"A few days ago I got an idea for a new play. You all know this is supposed to be a community workshop, but so far we've been having trouble interesting the neighborhood in our stuff. So here's what I thought we might do—put on a play about the Gowanus Monster."

A woman with a tape measure around her neck said, "That's a great idea, Jim. Tomorrow I'll go to the library and do some research for the costumes."

Everyone else voiced his approval and then all went back to work.

At ten o'clock the session was over. Jim offered to drive Mary and Carol home. But first they stopped for coffee.

"What's all this Gowanus business?" Mary asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot that we

had talked about it before you joined," apologized Jim. "And of course, Carol, you don't know about this guy either. It's a silly story about the early inhabitants of lower Manhattan—the Dutch. About three hundred years ago, a rich burgher wanted the land a poor farmer had. The guy refused to sell at any price and the rich man took him to court on the trumped-up charge of witchcraft. I guess in those days being a sorcerer was pretty hard to prove one way or the other—because even though the burgher won the case, the farmer wasn't hanged, just banished. Well, the rich guy bought the land from the town for a very low price. But he didn't live long enough to enjoy it. He was found strangled the next week. A note next to the body said words to the effect that the farmer had gotten his revenge, but he would go further than that. He vowed he'd never leave the land again. And according to tradition, he hasn't..."

"You're right. It is a silly story," remarked Carol. "By the way, when was the last time he was seen?"

"About 1890—by a half-drunk cleaning lady who probably imagined the whole thing. Don't get me wrong, lady. I just tell them; I don't believe them. But since it is such a popular story in the neighborhood, they might enjoy seeing all of us super-talents putting it on for them."

Later that same night, Carol lay awake thinking of Jim. He was so strong, capable and kind—the first guy who had ever shown any attention to her in a long time. He had been so insistent that she go to the next meeting to be held the following week. It was funny, but now she could never imagine now knowing him.

THE REHEARSALS for the play were hard work and Carol was amazed at the amount of effort that went into even such a small production. Lines had to be memorized, costumes made, sets to be painted and nailed into place. Hardly before she realized it, opening night was just days away. She knew all her lines by heart. Of course her part was very small—she'd be one of the people at the trial who had been bribed by the burgher to say that the farmer was a sorcerer and had conjured up the Devil—but still it was an important thing for her.

The way the play was arranged would allow for the same man to

play both the farmer and the monster. Carol came across the costume by accident in the dressing room and for a moment she was terrified by it—a collection of ancient material hanging in rags and some straw.

Jim came up when she was nervously admiring the workmanship.

"I looked up the description of what this monster guy is supposed to look like, and according to the library archives, he wears this suit. He must be very uncomfortable in the summer."

"And what if the poor goon has hay fever?" Carol joked. "With all that sneezing he'd never be able to sneak up on anybody."

On opening night the audience was seated in the huge loft waiting impatiently for the curtain to go up. There were almost 200 on-lookers, and the stage, although plain and clearly the work of dedicated amateurs, was a good-sized one; but both the people and the equipment seemed unable to fill the soft darkness that surrounded everyone like velvet.

The curtain went up to reveal all the characters more or less accurately clothed in the seventeenth-century garb of the early Dutch settlers. The play would begin with the burgher's greed, go into the trial scene, and end with the poor farmer's banishment. After the intermission, the little show would take on a more supernatural tone and depict the farmer's meeting two real witches on the road. These lovelies would teach him spells enough to be able to seek revenge and stay on the earth forever guarding his property. It wasn't a great play, but it was fun for both the audience and the actors.

Oddly enough, everything went perfectly on schedule. Carol was sure that she'd forget her few lines, but to her surprise, not only could she remember them, she could also say them well. She was even applauded after her little speech.

During intermission, Jim went over to congratulate her. Then he said, "Listen, the girl who was going to play one of the witches suddenly got sick. Do you think you could take her part, Carol? There are only a few lines you have to know."

She agreed and had Mary, who was to play the other witch, help her memorize the part and get into the costume.

The curtain opened after only a slight pause to show Carol and Mary seated on a rock. The

audience gasped because in the dim lights of the stage, the girls looked terrifying.

The farmer-monster came along—but he had made a mistake. He wasn't supposed to be in the Gowanus costume until after the witches pronounced the spell.

"If that's the only mistake we'll make all evening," Carol thought to herself, "we're still pretty well off. OK, here goes." And she spoke her lines clearly and convincingly.

But the actor had forgotten his speech.

Carol repeated the lines and under her breath, gave the man his cue.

When he still didn't answer, Mary said her lines.

By this time the audience was giggling. Jim was standing in the wings whispering the man's lines, but he had either gone deaf or had such a case of stage fright that prompting was useless.

Jim motioned silently for someone to bring down the curtain. They'd start the scene all over. But before the square of material blocked the actors from the audience, the man in costume decided to act—only he wasn't following the script.

With a grunt, he knocked Carol off the cardboard rock. Then grabbing her about the waist, he rapidly half-carried, half-dropped the girl off into the darkness.

Jim was having a fit. "That jerk—he'll ruin everything!" Then he gave a start. An identical monster was coming toward him! This one was rubbing his head.

"Hey, Jim, I don't know what happened. I just woke up in the broom closet. Somebody must have

"My God! Who's with Carol!"

He flung himself into the darkness that surrounded the stage, trying to find a trail of Carol and her captor. It was hopeless. The loft was huge.

"Somebody—turn on the house lights!"

In a moment the area was bathed in harsh glare—but too late. The thing carrying Carol had vanished into the night.

The audience panicked. Grabbing a microphone, the assistant director tried to calm the mob down. Tearing and clawing each other, they blocked the exits, attempting to escape from something they weren't even sure of.

It was impossible for Jim to leave the building in search of Carol.

The fire escape! Through an open

window, he climbed the shaky ladder to the roof. There, he would cross over to the ladder leading down to the ground.

A scream cut through the night as Carol discovered the thing holding her was no actor dressed in a weird costume. She beat on its deathly chest—but her attempts only served to raise a cloud of dust on the creature.

"Jim—for God's sake, help me!"

He heard the shout and looking down from the vantage point, saw the thing and its unwilling slave turn a corner and disappear behind a group of empty warehouses. Another muffled scream issued from far away.

Jim raced down the ladder and ran to the buildings, trying to rescue Carol from an unknown fate.

Gasping for breath, he hugged a lamp post for support, his lungs ready to burst, his head cast down in despair. Straw on the ground! With a bolt he shot ahead, mindless of the screaming agony within his chest, following the flimsy trail of rotting hay until he came to a dead end. An alley leading to a brick wall ended the chase.

"Damn!" They had to be there somewhere. They couldn't have vanished into thin air.

"Carol—Carol, can you hear me!" "Over here!" came a voice a million miles away. "Jim, hurry! He's trying to . . ."

The voice faded away amidst a hundred echoes.

Echoes! The pair must be in some sort of tunnel—but where? There wasn't a sign of one in sight.

"That's it!" Jim cried out loud. "The abandoned subway!"

IT HAD BEEN closed off for forty years when the train route was switched. The entrance was in the next alley. Racing to it, he found garbage, crates, and other rubble from the dismantled factories blocking the way. The monster must have discovered another means into the pit.

Working against time, Jim painfully clawed a path through the debris until he formed a hole large enough to let him into the long-unused tunnel.

Rats and other disgusting creatures of slime and darkness scuttled across his path in terror as he groped his way past the dim, comforting twilight of night and into the stench-ridden pit.

"Carol!" he called, but only echoes returned to mock him. The water, stagnant and alive with

maggots, forming on the floor of the tunnel became deeper and deeper until it reached his neck.

"Ughh!" A worm had crawled into his mouth. He spat out the nauseating animal and tried to focus his hearing behind the ringing silence and deafening pitch of water falling drop by drop from the sweating walls.

A groan, almost at his ear, caused Jim to turn suddenly, lose his balance, and fall headlong into the foul liquid. He surfaced rapidly and tossed hair out of his eyes.

The moan had been mere yards away.

A car drove overhead, giving momentary light to the scene. For that fraction of a second, before the headlight's glare disappeared, Jim saw Carol! She was only yards away from him—but separated by a barbed wire fence. Her eyes made no sign of recognition in that precious instant of light. She looked dead, uncaring, hopeless.

Jim stumbled in the direction he thought she was, but couldn't find her again.

He tore both hands trying to find an empty space in the resisting wall of metal. It seemed like miles before he discovered a spot where the old iron had rusted through. Easing himself carefully between the strands of wire, he was now on the opposite side of the tunnel and started retracing his steps. The ground was harder, no surface water because the floor of the tunnel slanted.

Something grabbed him around the neck! In darkness, it was impossible to make out the features, but Jim felt harsh burlap and stinging straw mesh themselves tighter around him. He could scarcely breathe and in a moment he'd pass out. Frantically his brain raced ahead.

He called out: "Quick, get him!"

The monster whirled about, expecting to encounter more adversaries trespassing his land. Jim used that instant of grace the only way he could. He flung himself full force. Like a pile of dry sticks, the thing toppled over, Jim jumped down on its chest, trying to cave in the re-activated corpse's chest. But it seemed to be made of iron.

Wait—like dry sticks! It must be afraid of water!

Jim used what remained of his spent strength to heave the foul thing over barbed wire into an equally foul liquid.

The creature grunted, moaned, then finally howled as moisture

(Continued on page 46)

TELL US ABOUT IT

(Following is a letter complete as we received it from one of our subscribers. Usually such a communication would find a place in Notes From Our Readers, but we feel that this particular one is so eerie, so strange, that we would like very much to share it with you. Please feel free to write in and let us know your opinions on it. We withheld the writer's name on particular request, but his identity is of no importance to the story. We hope that you will be as amazed and puzzled as we were when you read this true story—from beyond the grave!

The Editor)

Dear Sir:

It is not my custom to write to magazines, but in this case I must make an exception. The simple truth is that I can't hold it in anymore and have to tell someone about my experience. My friends and family would just laugh and think that I were joking with them. The fact of the matter is, however, that it did happen and what's more, it happened to me.

First let me say that I am no crackpot. I don't—or at least I didn't—believe in ghosts. I hold a doctor's degree in linguistics, don't drink or smoke, and to be perfectly honest, have no sense of imagination at all. I couldn't have made up my experiences simply because it's not part of my mental make-up to delight in flights of fancy. And I have no explanation for what has happened to me.

A few months back I went to Italy to study comparative linguistics. I stopped off in Rome a few days, then went to Florence where I had rented an old villa in advance.

When I arrived at the old mansion, which I believe dates back to 1453, I was met at the door by my servant, Joseph. He was visibly disturbed, and when I asked what was troubling him, he said, "Strange noises at night, sir." But he refused to elaborate on the matter any further.

I shrugged it off. Joseph is an old man and pretty set in his ways. I knew he resented our leaving England and going to Italy.

It was late when I arrived, and after a simple supper, I retired for the night.

About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by what sounded like low moanings. Summoning Joseph, I searched for the source of the noise. From what we could figure, it was coming from the exact centre of my chamber. Approximately an hour later, the moans subsided. I went back to bed and slept soundly.

On the next night, the same noises occurred, and on the next, and again on the following night. Finally a week had gone by. Not once was my rest uninterrupted by the unhappy noise.

I went to a colleague of mine, a local scholar of the history of Florence. After explaining my experiences, I expected him to laugh. Instead, he was quite serious. It seems that the villa I had been occupying was once the home of a rich and powerful Renaissance nobleman. This gentleman, Alonzo D'Ambrozia, had a beautiful daughter who was the beloved of the young and handsome Captain of the Guards. Signor D'Ambrozia refused to allow his daughter to marry this commoner. A terrific fight ensued and Captain Ortonizzi disappeared

completely from the face of the earth.

Naturally I felt that this had nothing to do with my nightly complainer. Ghosts belong with the Easter Bunny and Father Christmas—not with grown men of learning. But the sounds continued. I was becoming quite annoyed.

Finally in desperation I went to see the owner of the mansion. This fellow could see that I was very angry, and anxious lest he lose a good tenant, agreed to do everything in his power to stop my nocturnal friend.

That same night he and I stood in my sleeping chamber. When the moans began we carefully traced them to their source. I had said before that they were located in the centre of the room. But my calculations were slightly off because the noise was emanating not from the air but from the floor. We put an X on the spot.

Next morning the owner arrived with several tools. We carefully removed the marble flooring—underneath we discovered bricks. This meant there was a hidden room under mine! We broke through the brick and one of the owner's men descended via a rope. He came up pale as a ghost.

We made the hole bigger and we all climbed into it. Careful inspection proved that this unknown room dated clearly from the late Renaissance.

In a corner we found a skeleton chained to the wall. From several scattered papers lying about, my scholar friend discovered that these were indeed the remains of the unfortunate Ortonizzi.

We broke through another wall



and found ourselves in an unused portion of the cellar. The Signor obviously had the Captain murdered to prohibit a union with his daughter, then walled up the young soldier behind a facade of brick. In later alterations of the house, the new bricks were covered over with plaster and gradually forgotten.

Upon further investigation I discovered that Ortonizzi had disappeared in October of 1570. At intervals of exactly an hundred years, inhabitants of the villa were plagued by noises all during the month of October. At the conclusion of that month, the noises stopped as abruptly as they had begun.

We broke down the remaining walls, and with the padre's per-

mission, buried the pitiful skeleton decently in consecrated church ground.

The following night, as with the rest of my evenings spent in Italy, I was no longer bothered by low moans of anguish.

I am here in America now, a wiser but more confused man. According to Canon law, no soul can go to heaven unless the physical body is interred in holy soil. Did I free Ortonizzi's spirit, or was the whole thing just a question of gravity, air pockets or small rodents? An American colleague of mine, whose hobby is the scientific disproof of supernatural happenings, said that most encounters with ghosts can be explained in terms

of physics. My Italian villa trapped air between the marble floor and the brick ceiling of the hidden room underneath it. During the damp month of October, clinks in the bricks swelled and allowed air to come rushing in from the cellar, thus causing the sound—almost like blowing into an empty bottle. That we found an actual skeleton was, according to him, mere coincidence.

Since I seriously doubt that I shall be around in 2070 to see if the noise continues, I suppose that I will never be quite sure one way or the other. But I am beginning to think that science is unable to explain many things that strike terror into the hearts of civilized man.

Dr. A.L.
THE END

Letters

Dear Sir:

If that letter appearing in the last issue of your magazine is a true one, I believe I can help Mr. O'Connor. He says he has been cursed by the wife of a man he beat up in a bar-room brawl and wonders how he can free himself of the chain of bad luck that resulted from her spell. It can be done, but I must stress the fact that it is nothing to tamper with. If one has a curse laid on him, he may use this to counter-act it. But it is no joke, nothing to play with. Those who would use this as a mere form of an amusement had better be warned.

The cursed one must climb fully dressed into a bath tub filled with water as hot as bearable, to which three tablespoons of salt have been added in a counter-clockwise motion. He kneels, then stands up. Without saying a word (for mortal speech would destroy the delicate bridge between the mundane and the superior forces) he must leave the bathroom and go out into the night. Standing in an open field, meadow or park, he must out stretch his arms and say the following three times: UN-CURSE ME, OMIGHTY ONES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS!

The spell will be lifted immediately. But again I must warn—do not use this spell foolishly for

I will not be held responsible for the results.

Belinda Jenkins

Dear Sir:

I am working on a book about the lives and powers of some of the world's greatest sorcerers. Included in my list are such men as Marcus Aurelius, Julian, Nostradamus and Pico della Mirandola. Also women like Zenobia, Dido and Eleanor of Aquitaine. I would appreciate it very much if any of your readers could send me lists of where I could obtain source material, biographies, actual writings, etc. Any information received would be greatly appreciated.

Dr. Richard Michaelson

(Editor's Note: If any of our readers do possess such information and are interested in furthering the knowledge of witchcraft and sorcery in the United States, Canada and England, they may send the information to Dr. Michaelson in care of this magazine. But please, only bona fide scholarship is called for.)

Dear Sir:

Most of the kids at school think the supernatural's full of baloney, and they make fun of me because I believe in it. But I got even. I asked my mom (who's a witch and a very good one) to cast a spell on the entire school. Everybody except me and a few of my friends who have sense enough not to make fun of something they don't understand, flunked final exams and had to go to summer school.

They're really mad at me, but at least now they listen. That's all—I just thought you might be interested in the doings of a junior-league witch.

Donna Eis Bellum

Dear Sir:

I'm climbing the walls and I don't know what to do about it. Last month we bought a

beautiful house in the country. It was very cheap. We found out later why. The place is literally swarming with ghosts—all different kinds. Some hide in the closets and scare you when you open the door. Others keep throwing books off the shelves. And there's a pesky one up in the attic that moans the whole night long. My back hurts from picking up books and that awful groaning keeps everyone in the family from getting enough sleep.

We've tried to be reasonable when we told each ghost he could haunt and throw things and sob between the hours of nine AM and eight PM. That way they could get all their haunting out of their systems and we could get some rest. And besides, I don't like to be alone. I enjoy doing the housework knowing that there's somebody around to keep me company.

But the ghosts haven't followed our plan. I hate to suggest it, but we're thinking about exorcising them. We've warned them time and time again, and since they're so stubborn and selfish, they can just go and find a new home.

Does anyone know of a good way to rid the house of ghosts? I think there are seven of them and I guess the spell has to be a pretty strong one. Please help!

Mrs. Martha Scott

The EDITORS OF HORROR STORIES are happy to print your comments and any replies that you, our readers, wish to send in to us. Address all mail to:

The Editor
HORROR STORIES
STANLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Suite 2101
261 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10016

ADVENTURES IN

WITCHCRAFT



by WHITTIER FOWLES

THE USE of animals in witchcraft derives from two separate and distinct sources. In the first, the Mediterranean forms of magic, the animal is a partner of the witch or wizard; in the second, the African form, the animal is the sacrifice. In the first, the animal is a partner of the Invoked God; in the second, it is a blood offering.

Most of us are quite familiar with the sacrificial form of worship. It is very ancient and is based on the belief that death is a necessary ingredient of witchcraft, that blood is the symbol of death.

No, doubt, in many areas, the animal is merely a substitute for human sacrifice. Certainly under civilized forms of government, the killing of a human being is looked upon as murder. There are too many policemen present and too much inspection for murder to be safe. Of course it is carried out occasionally, even today. But for their own well being, most sects, excepting only the most fanatic, have abjured human sacrifice as far too dangerous.

Even in primitive societies, murder is avoided wherever possible. It is too easy under savage beliefs, for the spirit of the sacrifice to return and revenge itself on the killers, no matter how possible. Very

primitive societies believe that every human death must be paid for with another death. And there is no way to avoid it. Even the power of the greatest witch doctor is minor compared to the power of a dead spirit. So, except in the case of welfare, murder is avoided at all costs. This is a practical necessity for the basic safety of the village and the social structure.

As a result, there has been, both in the past and in the present, among civilized and savage groups, a widespread substitution of animal for human sacrifice.

Animal sacrifice has a secondary use. Animals are food. And to the primitive the God must eat too. His likes are the same as his human subject's likes. So, by giving him flesh that they enjoy, they are pleasing him and placating him.

Among civilized societies, the symbolism of blood has replaced the symbolism of food. Blood is the greatest sacrifice that can be given. It speaks of death. It speaks of the offer of a living soul. Sometimes, a single drop of human blood, from a willing participant, is mixed with the animal blood. In that way, the offer of a living human soul is given along with the life of the sacrifice. It is the mark of utter dedication.

While almost all of us know a great deal about animals as sacrifices, we in the mass, are less knowledgeable about the use of animals as familiars, that is necessary assistants in the performances of witchcraft.

In the Mediterranean tradition, most Gods and Goddesses took animal form at one time or another. In fact, animals were often worshipped; as the bull was worshipped on Crete, or the Cat in Egypt.

With the disappearance of these older religions in the area, the principle Gods of the older civilizations were transformed into aspects of the Devil. And the ancient

books of the primitive religions, especially those of the secret aspects, became highly desired texts of the Devil worshippers. The books of the Grecian Oracles, The Egyptian Book of the Dead are primary examples of this.

As transformed into modern witchcraft, the animal has become a sort of assistant devil, a creature with definite powers. But these powers cannot be used without the intervention of a human agent. This agent, the witch or the warlock, can instruct the familiar to use its powers to cast a spell on any person or thing. The combined powers of the human agent and the animal are irresistible.

In some aspects, it is believed that the human and the animal are interchangeable, that the animal can turn into the witch, or the witch hide as the animal.

This is a source of fear, particularly in the case of black cats, who are reputed to contain the greatest number of familiars. But true witchcraft does not limit itself to black cats. Any cat—any animal will do. Many famous witches of history have owned tabbies.

Popular belief holds to black. They fear not only the black cat but the crow, the raven, the black leopard, the black bear, the silver fox, the black snake and the black dog as well. It's simply a matter of the common mind equating black with the Devil.

In fact, there is no relation between the color of the animal and its use as a familiar. Every ancient book on true witchcraft emphasizes this. Even the white swan and the white goose have been true familiars—probably a derivation from the myth of Leda and the Swan.

But regardless of reason, animals have been essential to witchcraft for more than 2500 years. And there is no reason to assume that there will be any less influence in the present or the future. ■

WORLD WIDE DEPT. SM
Kingshighway
Orangeburg, New York 10962

Please send _____
What's New Pussy Cat pins @
\$2.50 by return mail to

Name _____

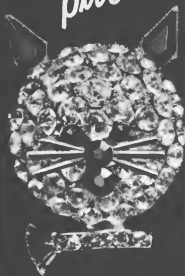
Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Fill out and mail coupon today. Enclose cash, check, or money order.

What's new
pussy cat
pin!



the hottest new item
in fashion jewelry!
just right for your
cutest mini-suit
or favorite sweater

Exquisitely set in a
diamond like cluster.
FANTASTIC VALUE

\$250

ZOMBIES WALKED

(Continued from page 12)

long in the grave, were their only garments. In unison, they gave forth a low moan and stood about the blood-splattered post in shriveled postures that mocked life.

The old man raised his arm. The troupe of terrors marched slowly back into the thick, tangled jungle-growth.

Eustace tugged at Fitzgerald's shirt, and almost like a zombie himself, he followed her back to the village.

Wiping fear-caused sweat from his receding hairline, he said in a quivering voice that still shook from the sight, "I never knew those stories were true. Now I believe."

"You shall believe a great deal more before long, *ma cher*."

AFTERWARDS in his own room Fitzgerald lay fully dressed on the bed and smoked a cigar. He clenched the thick stub in his yellowed teeth. "Stupid, here you got a real money-maker on your hands and you nearly don't even see it. Jeez, I must be losing the old touch."

His plan was simple: drop Eustache as a meal ticket and take up with the old man. His zombie freaks could be worth plenty. Free coolie labor; a standing army that never had to be fed or clothed, who wouldn't die; unquestioning slaves. And he, Jim Fitzgerald, would be the leader. Sure, he'd have to cut the old fool in on some of the profits, but suppose . . . Jim got up and scrounged around in his battered suitcase. Taking out an old envelope, he began to write down numbers. The way he figured it, he'd be a multi-millionaire in less than a week. Hell, he could run a whole country. Or even the world with those dead creeps.

He lay back on his bed, hands behind his head. All sleep forgotten



DRAWING FOR FUN

With hundreds and hundreds of sketches, drawings and illustrations showing how to draw!

This book is very complete. It starts from first stroke on paper to framing your drawing. Has separate sections on: Flowers, Trees, Landscapes, Boats and Sea Scenes; How to Letter (with over 40 complete alphabets); Cartoons and Funny Pictures; Animals, Birds and Fish; Portraits and People with many examples of faces and figures of men, women, children in all actions and positions. Instruction on technique, shading, perspective, composition, etc. etc. Makes drawing EASY.

Free with every order the MANIKIN BOOK. Contains ent positions for you to trace or fill in.

PADELL BOOK CO., Dept. M1004
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001



UPS & DOWNS BARES ALL!



IN SCENE ROCKS CENSORS!

GET IN THE SEX KNOW RIGHT NOW!

With UPS & DOWNS. And with IN SCENE. Together they cover the entire sexorama of today's erotic action from Malibu to Miami in color and black and white!

Each shows it like it Really is! UPS & DOWNS scrutinizes our suburban wife-swap action. That's wives and wives as well as husbands and wives, baby! IN SCENE presents the Mod mode of living. You live it like it is with the chicks at the pad — or at the office after hours! Both new mags have given the Establishment Drop-Jaw! Each \$3.50

Send to: CROWN BOOKS Dept. MM4001
1199 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

Please rush current issue(s) checked:

☐ UPS & DOWNS \$3.50

☐ IN SCENE \$3.50

☐ ADD 50¢ for handling and post.

☐ I am over 21 and am seriously interested in the philosophy of nudism.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

(NOTE: Cash and Money Order requests are filled the same day as received; personal check orders must await bank clearance.

now, he waited for the dawn, for the time he could talk to the old man.

That morning in the lobby, he was surprised. Eustace, who still had to play interpreter, wasn't in the least shocked by the suggestion. And her grandfather actually seemed to welcome the get-rich scheme.

"I guess they don't take their dumb religion very serious," Fitzgerald said to himself after the short discussion. "But that don't surprise me none. Most religions is full of it anyway."

It wouldn't be very cool right then for Jim to return to the States and he decided to hang around in Haiti until he got enough cash to go back. He'd take Eustace and grandpa, plus a few of the goons, maybe settle in the wilds of Florida (where the ground was solid), and wait. Then when the prospects looked good, he'd make the big move. And if luck was with him, he'd learn the secret process or whatever it was and then get rid of the old guy. "Dispose of the middleman and you make profit," a mail-order course in business management had told him years ago. He planned to put the advice to literal use, But Eustace—he'd keep her. She was fun—a real swinging chick. With a little more polish, she could be the right sort of mistress for the ruler of the world.

He lazily scratched himself and turned over to sleep. Soon his heavy snores filled the dingy rented room as his mind drifted away to pleasant fantasies of lavish houses and twelve-course dinners that would be his in only a short time.

H E AWOKE at dusk. By a previous agreement, he was to meet Eustace in her room when the night had come. He watched the deepening shadows with a growing lust. Finally the sun set fully behind the hills. He got up. The rusty bedsprings groaned with pleasure as they were relieved from an agonizing weight.

Fitzgerald quietly shuffled his enormous feet to her door. He knocked.

A whispered "Come in" was the result.

He turned the knob and entered the small room. Eustace was lying on her bed in darkness, toying with what appeared to be a tiny blot of fur in the gloom.

"Put on a light," she commanded.

Jim turned to light an old-

A Jewel Among Swiss-made Watches Pilot's Chronograph

Check Speed • For Measuring Distances

For Checking Parking Meters

For Timing Sports Events

Use As Stop Watch



\$12⁹⁵



6 DIALS, 5 HANDS AND 2 PUSHBUTTON CONTROLS

Made famous by pilots who found it an accurate timepiece, and a more valuable than a precision instrument—If you like to fly, or drive sports cars, record your speed per mile, this will do the job. All 5 hands are machine-calibrated in Switzerland where the complete works are assembled. It is shock-resistant, antimagnetic, has an unbreakable mainspring, big sweep second hand, luminous dial and hands, gold-colored die-cast case, and a leather strap. It's a great watch for only \$12.95 plus 65¢ postage and handling. And it's fully guaranteed for 1 year! In every way.

Dept. ML-11

JALART HOUSE, 1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

JALART HOUSE, Dept. ML-11
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

Rush me Pilot's Chronograph Watches @
\$12.95 plus 65¢ postage and handling.

Enclosed is check or m.o. for

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP



**LOVE
HUNGRY**

**GUYS 'N GALS
CLUB JOY**

INVITES YOU

Receive names & addresses monthly of
anxious gals 'n guys. For fast ACTION,
registration & membership card for One
Year of delightful experiences. Send \$1.00
ROYAL-ML-9 BOX 1548
POMPAHO BEACH, FLA. 33061

**SATISFY
YOUR WIFE**

Is she frustrated because your climax comes too fast?
In *Sex Harmony* booklet a doctor tells ● how easy way
can help delay climax, prolong pleasure, satisfy wife;
she then thrills with sensations you evoke in her, de-
sires you more often ● importance of sex relations
● health effects ● sex techniques ● love zones ● how
to make erect organ bigger, stiffer, harder ● how to
move it for clitoral arousal ● how to achieve mutual
fulfillment. Adults only. Just write "Send SH, I'm over
21" and mail with only \$1 (no CODs) for your reveal-
ing copy. Plain, sealed wrapper marked "Furcinal".
10-day return privilege. Don't miss it. Order NOW!
Frankwell Co., Rm. 73W, Box 120, Union City, N.J. 07087

STAG BUYERS GUIDE \$1.00

RARE UNIQUE UNUSUAL ITEMS

CONFIDENTIAL UP-TO-DATE list of dealers in FRANCE,
SWEDEN, DENMARK, HOLLAND, SPAIN, AFRICA, INDIA,
ENGLAND, CANADA, U.S.A. who sell adult photos, books,
slides, movies, etc. includes 3 PROFUSELY illustrated
BROCHURES and CATALOG. For complete list & details
send \$1.00 to K.M. SERVICE, Dept. S-6

2226 VAN DYKE

DETROIT, MICH. 48214

GROOVY PHOTOS * SLIDES *
BOOKS * MAGAZINES

MOVIES
REVEALING ACTION
BREATHTAKING

SEND \$1.00 FOR CATALOGS AND SAMPLE PHOTOS.
GOLDFIELD * Box 267 Hagerstown, Md. 21740
Dept. ML-9

NOW YOU CAN BORROW UP TO \$1,600 BY MAIL! **ON YOUR SIGNATURE ONLY!**

It's true! You can get up to \$1,600 for any good purpose, entirely by mail! If you are steadily employed, your signature is all it takes to get the cash you need to take care of worrisome bills, meet medical obligations, stand the cost of sudden emergencies, or for any good reason.

No endorsers, no personal interviews, no agent will call. You get fast, personal service and everything is handled entirely by mail! Strictly confidential. No obligation. Details mailed fast in plain envelope. Fill out the coupon below and mail today to: AMERICAN LOAN PLAN, City National Bank Bldg., Omaha, Nebr. 68102

AMERICAN LOAN PLAN, Dept. RA-5240
City National Bank Bldg., Omaha, Nebr. 68102

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Present Occupation _____

Employer _____

No. Yrs. On Job _____ Monthly Salary \$ _____

Former Occupation _____ No. Yrs. On Former Job _____

These 3 BIG DRAFTING KITS GIVEN TO YOU! when you train at home with NASD for a **HIGH PAY JOB IN DRAFTING!**

Take your pick of 1000s big salary jobs open to Draftsmen. U.S. Labor Dept. reports "42% more Draftsmen needed in next 10 years—not enough applicants to fill jobs available now." Easy home-study plan has helped 100s beginners toward \$5555, security, prestige as Draftsmen—many with only grade school training. Others report good earnings drafting part time while still learning. Why not you?

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE KIT!

Mail coupon for FREE "DRAFTING CAREER KIT," Sample Lesson, Drafting Aptitude Test including new S-Way Drafting Instrument & 20-Page Book, "Your Future in Drafting" — ALL FREE. No salesman will call. G.L. Bill approved. Write today.

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF DRAFTING, Dept. 11601
4500 Campus Drive, Newport, California 92660

Rush "DRAFTING CAREER KIT," including Book, Sample Lesson, Aptitude Test & Drafting Instrument—ALL FREE!

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

fashioned oil lamp next to the bed. In the flickering glare, he gasped.

Eustace was playing with a small, human head!

"This? It is nothing, just a relic from my family. It came from Africa three centuries ago. Just a plaything." She tossed the grisly object across the room. It landed with a dull thud against the wallboard.

"There's much work to be done. Follow me." She got up, left the room and walked down the dim corridor into the lobby. Then with firm steps, she quit the hotel and stepped out into the night. Fitzgerald lumbered after her, like a huge puppy, fearful, yet anxious to please.

She took him to the same clearing where he had witnessed the heart-stopping arrival of the monsters. The grandfather stood waiting at a respectful distance from the sacred post.

"Before you enter into a business proposition with our people," Eustace said solemnly, "you must be initiated into our rite or the zombies will not follow your orders."

The grandfather began slowly to dress himself in the weird garb. Eustace helped him where ancient, gnarled fingers could no longer tie the intricate, delicate bows and knots that were all a part of the magic somehow. Eventually he stood in the ceremonial pit, fully clothed in the clerical costume of the Highest Priest.

He gestured and Jim walked over to the area indicated by the slight movement of a hand twisted by extreme age.

Other believers had by this time congregated near the meeting place. They stood in a circle where the close-packed earth joined the free-growing jungle. All waited quietly.

Again, the ancient language was recited. Fitzgerald could hear the words at close range and was thrilled by the heavy beauty of a speech older than the most archaic artifact of a dead civilization.

A living barnyard fowl again was handed to the Priest. It met the fate of its predecessor. A long knife served to spread its blood into a secret sign on the post.

Jim was bidden to kneel in front of the gory symbol. He did so, and felt a tremor of excitement ride through the sagging folds of his torso.

Eustace started to moan and flung herself on the ground in the same manner that the village woman had done. Soon the rest of

Gay Sisters



WHAT HER "TEACHERS" DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE EXOTIC... SHE TAUGHT THEM!

Neighbors in the Southern California city called them the Gay Sisters — the pair in the secluded house down the block. But Deborah and Sandy were beyond all care as they shared their most intimate desires within their sensual world, devotees to the pursuit of physical sensations.

When their advertisement brought the delicate beauty named Elicia to their door, they couldn't believe the shy teenager's innocent desire to share their sensate world, to be slave to their unbridled demands.

But their "student" became their teacher as this wanton nymphet became passion's mistress, enslaving the sisters to her own sensual demands.

**ORIGINAL UN-RETouched VERSION
WITH UNRESTRICTED FULL VIEWS —
8MM BLACK & WHITE 219 FT. — ORIG
\$25.00. NOW ONLY \$9.95**

NOVEL PRESS, DEPT. GS-1001
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

Please rush me THE GAY SISTERS
I enclose \$12.95 ____ Cash ☐ Check ☐
M.O. ☐ plus 50¢ P.P.

☐ I am over 21

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NATIONAL DETECTIVES AND SPECIAL POLICE ASSOCIATION
 JOIN OUR TEAM OF CRIMEFIGHTERS!
ANNUAL DUES \$6

- \$1000 Death Benefit
- Special Identification Card
- Star Emblem to display
- Detective Training Material

SEND FOR MEMBERSHIP NOW

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
 SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
 NDSP, 1029 Vermont Ave. N.W.
 Washington, D.C. 20005

Name _____ Age _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW TRAINED MAN", which shows how to earn money professionally as a Law (LL.M.) degree through the preparation of the famous Blackstone Law Clauses; Books and letters provided. Moderate cost; exact. Write now, Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave. Founded 1890 Dept. 801 Chicago, Ill. 60601

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS
 FOR MEN ONLY! POCKET SIZE!
 THEY'RE TERRIFIC! PACKED WITH RARE CARTOONS AND GOOD CLEAR ILLUSTRATIONS AS YOU LIKE IT. RICH IN FUN AND HUMOR, 20 BOOKLETS \$2.25. ALL DIFFERENT, SENT PREPAID FOR \$1 IN PLAIN SEALED WRAPPER, NO C.O.D.s.

NATIONAL, Dept. C-67 Box 4241, TOLEDO 8, OHIO

BILLS PRESSING?
 WE CAN HELP YOU NOW!

- Bad Credit No Problem
- Not a Loan Company
- Nobody Refused

UP TO \$10,000

Write nearest Office for FREE application

INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE, dept. M 65
 3003 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012
 1000 N. Madison Ave., Greenwood, Ill. 60142
 507 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130
 1825 Conn. Ave. N.W. Rm. 428 Wash. D.C. 20009

BIG MONEY in BURGLAR ALARMS
 Secret for years—now I reveal!
 Inside facts! Beginners discover how to start spare time without mechanical experience or costly equipment. My step-by-step plan states how to design, manufacture, install burglar alarm. Huge market—factories, stores, homes, stores. Steady income business. Get your \$10.00 profit story. **WACO, 11077 W. Manchester Ave. Dept. E 1041, Los Angeles CA 90026**

SHE'LL BECOME MORE WOMAN! LEARN HOW TO DO IT!

Every woman's a sensual woman when she knows how to turn you on. No two girls are alike that's why there comes a time when you learn how to do it.

AND HOW! Don't cheat yourself. Send for this book and give it to her and get the most pleasure for you and your woman. Be turned on by THE SENSUAL WOMAN. It takes about 10 minutes to read. It's mailed in a plain wrapper. ORDER NOW \$5—\$4.90 Post Paid \$6

Fredricks

6910 Hollywood Blvd. Dept. 0132 © 1970
 Hollywood, Calif. 90028
 Please send me \$5—\$4.90 Quantity
☐ 1 enclosure ☐ Check or M.O.

the on-lookers were twisting and arching in sublime agony, waiting for the Dark One.

He came. A bolt of thunder in the steamy jungle was the herald of his approach. All became silent as heads turned toward Fitzgerald.

Strange, sickly-sweet incense was lighted. Jim felt the cloying scent drive itself deep into his nostrils. It seemed to fill his lungs, his heart, his mind with the smell of peace, of eternal rest.

He hardly remembered dying. A millennium later, some part of his brain snapped to attention. He didn't want to move, but a force more strong than his own desire for rest, drove his body from the warm earth and gentle, caressing muggots.

He was summoned with the others. No choice now but to march with the army of horrors into the clearing.

The same group of worshippers met his blind gaze. He saw nothing. He sensed their presence in an ability far older than mere eyesight.

Eustace was there, but he could not turn his head in her direction. As before, the first time, she was seated in the shadows. And she was not alone. Fitzgerald knew that she was with a thin man—a thin, greedy man.

For the first time in his existence, Jim felt an unselfish desire to help, a need to warn. He tried to form his rotting lips into speech.

The ancient Priest stared at him. The mouth hung open, unable to move, as another human heart was being ushered into the fold. THE END

SLAVE OF SATAN

(Continued from page 20)

inspection. She continued: "it will move to either the 'yes' or 'no' painted on opposite sides of the board. Later if we're successful, we can ask more involved questions and the planchette will go down to the alphabet on the board and spell out the answer. There are also numbers printed under the alphabet so it can give answers involving numbers too. Ready? Let's start.

She sat Ralph down and took a chair directly across from him. Their knees touched under the table. "There must be physical contact between the two people at all times or the circle will be broken and the question will go unanswered." Ralph found himself curiously excited at her touch.

He asked the first question: "Will

PLUG-TENNA



USE YOUR HOUSE WIRING AS A POWERFUL TV ANTENNA

Plug-Tenna is a sensational on-tenna that may eliminate costly "roof" and "robbit-er" antennas. Plugs in easy on an electric card, converting your home wiring into a gigantic TV on-tenna. Because Plug-Tenna uses no electricity, it costs nothing to operate. Plug-Tenna stays out of sight and out of the way.

Excellent, also, for AM-FM and short-wave radios.

OUR PRICE... \$2.98
BERWICK SALES COMPANY
 261 FIFTH AVE., ROOM 2102
 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

WIVES Fascinating new reading from thrill packed love and romance tales.

4 Books \$100
 9 for \$2 - 14 for \$3

15. The Loves of a Marat: The rise of a vibrant beauty to the heights of her profession of luxury nights.
16. Dangerous Loves: Tommy Burns, a rich man's chauffeur and his love affairs and the entanglements with his employer's common interests.
17. Weyward Girl: Married to a man she despised—gates involved in a love affair. After a re-marriage for riches, this too was lost and Susan Price again finds herself in the clutches of another lover and finds her chance to win back her husband.
18. Plenty of Love: Simple Mary Goode emerged into a poised and sophisticated woman after 3 years absence from home town, her success continues as she was the lover of her desires.
19. Jezebel's Daughter: Fascinating daughter becomes her mother's rival produced by her wicked rearing.
20. White Trash: Small town girl condemned by her mother's life of indecency—longs for a chance.
21. Unwilling Virgin: Ruby Trent had plenty of business experience. She craved a new experience—love. Perhaps if she advertised?
22. Part-Time Passion: Love them and leave them was the motto of Karen Montgomery who believed in equal rights for men—in love too. That is until she discovered that marriage might just curtail her freedom.
23. Resort Hostess: This serious novel carries the reader to the Resorts, Tels of Alice Baker and her sex level chase of a millionaire.
24. Ill-fated Passion: When she came into his arms in the fog, Julie thought he was no longer alone. After his kiss she found herself in love with a stranger. She gave Eric her lips, then her body, but Julie was too proud to marry him completely alone.
25. Beautiful Baby: Larry Windsor didn't much care about Katrina Ellis' face. It was her beautiful body he desired, and she while giving him, but it wasn't until Katrina left the small town, that she discovered that she, too, could completely alone.
26. Pick-Up Girls: Anna Kelly worked behind the drug store counter. Learn what happens when the customers call for sex instead of candy laces then the customers call for sex.
27. The Shams of Vanna: Gilbert Vanna Gilbert's restless body ached with need. Her husband, wealthy Jonathan York, was unable to quell her passion. Vanna tries to hold his affection and voraciously goes, seeking at the same time, a satisfying love.
28. The Playboy's Handbook: Wow! You needn't be a playboy for this one. Its collection of the raw, the real, and the risqué is guaranteed to make you want to play boy and girl.

No C.O.D.s. Money Back Guarantee.
PADELL BOOK CO. Dept. 402-H
 1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

my car be fixed by tomorrow?"

The planchette made a bee-line to the "yes" spot.

"Hoo-ray. That's good to hear."

"Go on. Ask another question."

"OK. Will I get a raise next month?"

This time the answer was no.

Ralph asked more questions involving his friends, job and family until Elsa gently interrupted him.

"I can sense the planchette is getting angry with all the silly questions you've been putting to it. Now ask something deeper."

"I can't think of anything. You ask."

"All right. Is there such a thing as black magic?"

Yes

"Can you hurt somebody without actually touching her?"

Yes

"Is good stronger than evil?"

No

Ralph was getting a little nervous with the line of questioning. "Let's make it answer some questions that it has to spell out."

"Fine with me. Who is Ralph thinking about now?"

Unwaveringly, the Planchette went to the letters M, Y, R, A, then stopped.

Ralph was astounded. "But I never told you my wife's name. How did you do it?"

Elsa looked up and smiled. "I didn't do anything. The board did. You'd be surprised at what the ouija knows. Let me ask another one. Is there somebody in this room who has power over ordinary people? And if so, who?"

The triangle went to "yes" and spelled Elsa's name. Then it went back and marked out R, A, L, P, H.

"Oops, looks like we've got another one on our hands."

"Another what? And I still don't understand how you work that thing."

"Another witch, dum-dum. And I told you before I don't do a thing to make ouija work. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you. I'm a witch. That's why the town hates me. But I'm also a great teacher and they know they couldn't get anybody half as good as I for double my salary. They might be superstitious, but they know good business when they see it."

Ralph was spell-bound and listened with open mouth as Elsa explained. There were two sorts of witches. One kind, like Elsa, inherited it and learned from earliest childhood how to cast spells and, as she put it, "to make things



LIFE SIZE Joy-Girls

READY
FOR
ACTION

NOW
ONLY \$3.00
COMPLETE

FOR PLAYFUL ADULTS

So you want to play games, do you? Well, here I am. I'm Lori, the latest, wildest, party time sensation and I'm ready for action. I know you will love playing with me, because I've got what it takes to have a sexual good time. I'll come to you full true to life size. 5'4" tall and my measurements are 39"-24"-38". I call my exciting game Play-Mate. I'd love to live with you and I have personal attractions that I'll reveal to you as soon as I arrive. Send for me and my friends today. We are packaged in plain wrapping and we will bend over backwards to please you. Your money back if you're not thrilled with us.



Eve 37" 22" 36" Joy 38" 23" 36" Candy 40" 26" 39" Wendy 38" 22" 36" Miko 39" 24" 39"

You Must
Be 100%
Thrilled
or Money
Refunded

RUSH ORDER
FORM

GIFT KING, Dept. PG-2306

P.O. Box 3245, Granada Hills, Calif. 91344

Yes, I would like _____ LIFE SIZE Joy-Girls to come and live with me. If I am not thrilled with my play-mates after 10 day free trial, I may return them for a refund.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> LORI | <input type="checkbox"/> JOY | <input type="checkbox"/> WENDY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EVE | <input type="checkbox"/> CANDY | <input type="checkbox"/> MIKO |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 for \$3 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 for \$5 | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 for \$7 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 for \$11 | <input type="checkbox"/> 6 for \$13 | <input type="checkbox"/> 10 for \$20 |

Please rush, I enclose 50c extra. (No C.O.D.'s please)
I declare that I am over 21 years old.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FREE TO ALL!!! SEX PRODUCTS

RETAIL AT \$12.00 TO \$30.00

Send us your name and address - adult over 21, and we'll send you our 3 catalogs showing all of our 7 latest and newest sex-aid products. Whatever your sex difficulty, whatever the reason that prevents you from enjoying a perfect sex life and regardless of age and/or sex. You will be totally amazed at the satisfaction that both partners will derive from the use of our new products. No drugs, pills and/or books. You wear them as you use them - many, many happy times. There are thousands of happy users. Sold by mail only. Please rush this clipping and \$1.00 for all 3 catalogs. Overnight service. Double refund on 1st order along with free item of your choice.

T. & D. PRODUCTS - (Since 1943)
San Francisco International Airport, Dept. 5765
Box 8575, San Francisco, California 94128

COPENHAGEN GIRLS

UNPRECEDENTED POSES IN "UNUSUAL MAGAZINES FROM THE LAND OF SEXUAL FREEDOM. SEND 25c FOR COLOR BROCHURE. OR \$4.00 FOR SAMPLE MAGAZINE. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED.

ZEPHYR PUBLICATIONS BEPT. LM-1
941 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069
PLEASE CERTIFY THAT YOU ARE OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

caressing voice.

"Yeah, I want revenge."

Elsa told him the spell. It was strange but she had already taught him most of it anyway. They would send Myra's lover out on an errand; the lights in the house would go out; a rope would walk in from the garage and strangle her—that was all.

Together they said the spell and Ralph felt relief flood his soul. But immediately after pronouncing the fatal words, everything became deathly quiet.

FABULOUS "FAKE" DIAMONDS!

Approx. 50¢
A Carat



3 Carat
size

Look Like a Million — Feel Like a Million

Now you can afford the prosperous diamond look with these beautiful fake diamonds. They sparkle and have fire just like precious stones. Your friends will never know the difference BUT . . . more startling, you can flash a brilliant, gorgeous 3 Carat size fake solitaire diamond ring for only \$1.69 plus 25¢ post. & handling. Set in a magnificent modern Tiffany-style radium finish. A genuine diamond this size would cost up to \$1,000. And don't forget you don't take the risk of wearing genuine diamonds against theft, loss, etc. You will treasure this exciting, exotic solitaire. Protect yourself and look like you hit the jackpot!

10 Days FREE Trial — Rush Coupon

Order today. Wear it for 10 days and enjoy the feeling of luxury, success and happiness that expensive rings give. Just send coupon and enclose check or money order for \$1.69 plus 25¢ post. & handling. You will receive your ring promptly. If not delighted, return for prompt and full refund.

TERRY ELLIOTT CO., Dept. SWG-1
234 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10001

Enclosed find \$1.69 plus 25¢ post. & handling in full payment. Adjustable size. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I will return within 10 days for prompt and full refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

"God, Elsa--what's happening to you?"

In the flickering light of the open fire, the girl seemed to be aging right in front of his eyes. Soft skin became wrinkled, eyes bagged, erect posture stooped and shriveled.

Elsa cackled. "You fool. A witch can take on any form she wants. I knew all about you even before you got out of the car. It was simple to make myself look like Myra. Now you see me as I really am." She took a mirror from the wall and gazed into it. "Very pretty. But not as pretty as your precious Myra right now!"

"Myra! My God—I've killed her!" "Yes, you did. Now listen fool," Elsa's voice took on a hard edge, "even though you had the power all your life, you were pure, innocent until you used it. Look at yourself now!"

She handed Ralph the square of cracked looking glass. He took it. With hands that visibly trembled, he raised the mirror to his eyes.

"Aahh!" he screamed and flung the mirror from his sight. A hideous monster was reflected in the glass. Green-red teeth set in a lop-sided mouth, bulging blood-shot eyes, a nose hanging down past a triple-plect chin—a mockery of the human form!

Elsa's words dripped scorn for the thing that covered before her. "As the bride of Satan, I am commanded to bring recruits into his service. You are now the slave of Satan—for all eternity!"

Ralph whimpered in fear at her feet.

"Go now, idiot. To everyone else you will appear normal. But only we know what you really are. The slightest command by either my husband or me you shall follow immediately."

She spat out her disgust as tongues of flame shot from her outstretched hands. Ralph felt them enter his body, and howled in anguish. Unbearable pain gripped his heart.

"Get out of my sight until I call you back again!"

Moaning in agony, Ralph crawled out into the night. THE END

MAD MONSTER

(Continued from page 33)

seeped into the arid creases of dried-out leather.

Jim fumbled in darkness for the unprotesting Carol. He found her and ran down the tunnel, echoes of a thing in agony ringing in his ears. Pitch, black, dark, then grey as they

approached the entrance.

The pair exploded through rubble as the escape was made good.

A crowd had gathered. Mary struggled free from the mass and ran to them. She helped support Carol's wilted body.

She looked over the unconscious girl's tangled hair and asked: "What happened?"

As the police came to take charge, Jim murmured slowly, "I really don't know. Maybe it thought it had to defend its property again. Perhaps we dreamed the whole thing. I can't say anymore." THE END

LAST DEATH PROWL

(Continued from page 25)

element, the one that changes you into a wolf. The book says that only a few of these third cells are present in the victim's blood. But your blood must be full of them. They remain in the marrow and appear only during the times when you are a wolf. The white corpuscles will gorge on them and leave the oxygen-carrying red cells alone."

Charles wasn't sure.

"Nonsense, it might work. You've got nothing to lose. There'll be a full moon in three nights. Come back then."

Charles did. He walked into the library and was amazed at the transformation. The windows were almost completely boarded up—only a small clink in the wooden armour let in any sunlight. There was also a huge lock on the door, bolted from the outside.

"My landlady things I've gone insane," the Professor chuckled as he hammered the last board into place. He called, "All right, Mrs. Allen, you can lock us in now."

"But what if this doesn't work and I attack you? You know I have no control over myself as a wolf."

"Don't worry about that. I can hold you at bay if we're unsuccessful. I've taken the liberty of borrowing some of Mrs. Allen's silver jewelry." He pulled aside his shirt to show Charles a garish assortment of rings, chains, crosses and necklaces tied across his withered chest. "Not in very good taste, but it's certainly functional."

Charles and his elderly friend waited for the rising of the moon. When the first beams came shyly through the opening left for it in the boarded-up window, Charles felt the stirring in his body. He groaned, writhed in agony on the floor. He moaned, clutched his face to his tense hands.

But nothing else came of it.

Charles was cured.

He got to his feet and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Two evils—one medical and the other supernatural—keeping each other from destroying the body. Charles, you're the first man in history to be saved from lycanthropy. You can lead a normal life, marry Susan and raise a batch of healthy, untainted children. And in God's good time, you can depart from this beautiful earth with dignity and pride."

He put his arm across Charles' shoulders in a fatherly embrace. They unboarded a window. And together both men watched as the moon turned the world into silver.

THE END

GHOST IS COMING

(Continued from page 16)

"the head gardener sneaked up to the fourth floor—where the servant's quarters were—and tried to attack one of the maids. She screamed and tried to fight him off. All the other servants were too frightened to move. The gardener chased the girl down the stairs until he caught her. He threw her over the bannister and she landed right over there," Martha pointed over the balustrade to an area bathed in moonlight from the hall window. "She broke her neck and died instantly. The man ran off into the night. After the family came back, they moved away. They had to. They kept hearing screams and footfalls and sounds of bodies hurtling through space." She ended with a dramatic rise in her voice. "Nobody's been able to live here since!"

"Very impressive I'm sure. Let's go up to the fourth floor."

"Henry, do you think we should? After all—that's where the ghosts are."

He didn't answer her and Martha had to run to follow him up the stairs.

The servants' quarters were dreary enough—tiny cubicles with peeling wallpaper and deep-set windows. But everything was quiet and there were no footprints in the fine dust that covered the floor—none but their own.

They went down and decided to wait in the main hall. Seating themselves against the front door, the pair watched the shadows of trees move against the walls and create fantastic patterns on grim plaster.

Finally Henry said: "Come on, let's leave. I told you nothing would happen."

SECRETS OF SCANDINAVIAN SEXUAL POWER:

an illustrated book of 150 rare marital positions DYNAMIC SEX

An Exciting Sexual Breakthrough
Crammed to the Brim, Page after Page
300 Explicit Illustrations.

Now discover the most exquisite, intimate details of technique and sex, as performed in Scandinavia. Read only a few pages at random and you will see why DYNAMIC SEX by Karl Jacobsen could never have been written by an American. Explore these sensational pages and learn what exotic adventures await you. It is then you will discover what others have: Scandinavian uninhibited technique draws forth your sexual powers to their very fullest, sometimes even beyond, and brings out in any man or woman more than you could ever imagine, sweeping away every inhibition and restraint.



SEX FOOD by Fritz Peterson

PRACTICALLY EVERY POSSIBLE WAY IN WHICH
THE HUMAN BODY CAN BE SEXUALLY AROUSED
IS INCLUDED—WITH DARING PICTURES.

Have you ever tried 'Riding the Stallion', 'The Panther's Kiss', and 'The Coital Boomerang'? If you haven't, you haven't really lived! They're all here, plus many more. Every type of sexual position imaginable from Sweden, Denmark, the rest of Europe, Africa and Asia. The sensual pleasures revealed in DYNAMIC SEX are so enormous, so staggeringly varied, one delighted connoisseur has called it a 'Sexual Smorgasbord!'

LEARN WHAT IT IS LIKE TO REACH SEXUAL FULFILLMENT AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN!

Learn for yourself those legendary techniques for unleashing sexual power... pure, raw, glorious love power. Power to open up an exciting new world of erotic marital pleasure, leading you into unexplored areas of ecstasy. Engulf yourself in the teachings of DYNAMIC SEX. Saturate yourself with the pleasures of this brand of supercharged sex!

FREE!

SEX FOOD by Fritz Peterson

Europeans through the centuries, to this very day, have regarded certain foods, drinks and recipes as the fuel of love—able to stimulate the user to unusual heights of sexual power and body energy. Now, on an exclusive basis you will receive FREE, a copy of SEX FOOD by Fritz Peterson, when you purchase DYNAMIC SEX.

A SAMPLE OF WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU!

- Numerous ways of harnessing your sexual potential!
- The art and science of making love in the nude!
- Intriguing sex games to play!
- Highly unconventional ways to stimulate a woman with your lips!
- How to use ice to obtain super-charged coition!
- Original methods to drive an experienced woman to new, unimagined heights of frenzy!
- Rough but effective ways to break down a woman's inhibitions!
- Complete guide to genital twitching, for strange new sexual sensations!
- Specific ways to work your wife to new peaks of almost unendurable passion!
- Invigorating, erotic types of massage—can work wonders for any man!
- New, proven techniques to combat premature ejaculation!
- Unique, tantalizing ways a woman can stimulate you!

OFFER AVAILABLE TO MATURE ADULTS OVER 21

Dept. DS-1001

NOVEL PRESS

1199 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001
Please rush the following
in plain sealed wrapper:

☐ Dynamic Sex — only \$5.95 +50¢ pp

☐ plus a free edition of 'The Art of Love' and SEX FOOD

☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order

Name ☐ I am over 21

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

free 2nd BONUS! 'ART OF LOVE' by R. Burton, orig. published at \$5.00! The amazing book on the secret love techniques of the Afro-Asian world, which describes the INCREDIBLE 'SPINNING TOP TECHNIQUE'. Handsome hard-cover edition.

enclosed find:

**PRICES GO
BUST!**

**SAVE
NOW! Limited Time Only!**

**BRAND NEW!
IMPORTED!
UNCENSORED & UNRETOUCHED**

NUDE ART BOOKS

Originally sold for up to \$25.00
NOW! 5 for \$5
SAVE \$20.00 if you act today!

- SEE hundreds of full color and black and white close-up pictures of the most fantastically shaped blondes, brunettes and redheads you've ever seen!
- SEE tall, buxom European Nudes openly posing their intimate beauty!
- SEE tantalizing and beautifully proportioned completely naked bronze beauties displaying their all to you.
- SEE exotic and exquisitely endowed Nude Oriental girls in excitingly revealing and completely Nude posed-to-please positions.
- SEE actually hundreds of giant-size Nude pictures of the world's most beautiful and breathtakingly built Nude women in each and every one of these genuine and imported guaranteed uncensored and unretouched Nude Art Books.

FREE With each order of these 5 Nude Art Books you will receive absolutely **FREE** the greatest collection of colorful catalogs featuring Nude Magazines, Nude Books, Nude Films, Nude Slides and the most unusual exclusive Nude items you've ever seen. Sent **FREE** with each order.

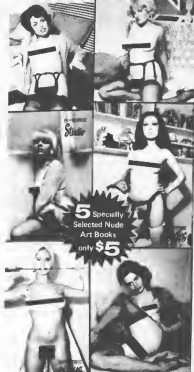
FREE SPECIAL BONUS

With each order you will receive - absolutely **FREE** - **BONUS CREDIT CERTIFICATE** worth \$5.50 towards the purchase of any of our exclusive adult hard-to-find merchandise.

We reserve the right to substitute if necessary.

DARO DISTRIBUTORS DEPT. MM-101
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

NOTE: You must state that you are 21 years of age or older to order. Send \$5 (plus sales tax where applicable) to



5 Specially
Selected Nude
Art Books
only \$5

JOBS! JOBS! JOBS!

1970 JOBS DIRECTORY

Listing over 600 leading American Companies. Gives President and Personnel Director's name and address, Standard Industrial Classification of each Co. along with specifications for each job. Directory will give you exact information of where and how to secure Overseas Jobs in Government and Non-government agencies. You'll be delighted with the complete information this big useful directory will give. Rush \$2.00 Today for the best investment in your future. Hurry! Send to Harris House Mfg. Co. Book Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

**OVERSEAS
JOBS**
GOVERNMENT
JOB OPENINGS
**NON-
GOVERNMENT
JOB HUNTING**

**MEN and
WOMEN
NEEDED**

You Can Be Successful in Business



The KEY to a
**\$UCCE\$FUL
BUSINE\$S**
of your own

Millions of other Americans are building a secure future and enjoying high incomes in a business of their own. This KEY book shows you step-by-step how to find the right business of your own to provide you with high earnings and a secure future. The KEY TO A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS gives you complete information on businesses that can be operated in cities, small towns, and even from farms and ranches with very little investment.

Complete information on every phase of small business operation, from selecting the right business and location to avoiding the pitfalls that cause so many small business operations to fail. A special section describes many self-employment opportunities for the physically handicapped.

YOUR OWN GUIDE TO FINANCIAL FREEDOM! YOU CAN DO IT!

Studio 402-F
PADELL BOOK COMPANY
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

\$4.95
Money Back
Guarantee

"Wait! That sound—do you hear it?"

HENRY STRAINED his ears. He did hear something. "Probably just the wind. I thought I told you before that these old houses were

"No, it's not the wind. Listen!"

Footsteps on the main stairs. Henry marched over. "There's nothing here," he called to his near-hysterical wife. "I can't—damn!" He cursed as his candle was blown out. He couldn't get it lit again. "Some sort of draft I guess."

He walked over to his wife and she held on to his hand.

Both jumped as a scream cut through the night.

"Just a cat," said Henry, now not quite so sure.

Lighter footfalls matched the heavier ones—something was running through the rooms on the fourth floor. A door slammed—another scream. More footfalls. Then silence.

Henry was terrified. He looked down at his wife. Her face was calm, almost beautiful, youthful. He remembered that under extreme fear, the skin of the face tightens, giving the appearance of renewed youth to the sagging folds of flesh.

A heart-rendering wail brought both of them to their feet. It was just above them!

Almost mesmerized by fear they both stumbled into the main hall. There was nothing there—just moonlight streaming through an old house. Did they imagine the whole thing? Henry was beginning to question it. Terror is contagious and perhaps he caught some of his wife's hysteria. And then there was always the . . .

Another shriek broke the night! Henry clutched the trembling Martha to his side. They looked up to the second story bannister. Wind rushed past them in an attempt to fill in a vacuum left by—what? There wasn't anything to cause it.

More footfalls now. A male grunt and a female's pleading in undecipherable words. Then a wild scream as an unseen something hit the wooden floor right beside the stricken couple.

"Stop it, whatever you are!" Henry shouted at the top of his lungs. "Go back to hell!"

Martha slumped to her feet—a mass of quivering terror.

The wind ceased rushing. Moonlight glittered in through grimy windows. Everything was still. Just an empty house at

HI-POWER BINOCULARS

SEE UP TO 18 MILES

Powerful folding Opero Glasses fit into pocket or purse. Center eye piece adjustment. Worth many times low introductory price. Comparable to models selling for \$4.95.

NOW ONLY

75¢

Postpaid.
Limit 2
to a customer.

Bruce Sales Company Room 2102
261 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
Please send me Hi-Power Binoculars
— 1 for 75¢ — 2 for \$1.50.
Limit 2 to a customer

I enclose: ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
Sorry, No C.O.D.'s

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mystify Your Friends! Baffle Your Family! You'll Astonish Them All!

250 MAGIC TRICKS REVEALED

SPECIAL \$1.00
INTRODUCTORY
OFFER

NOTHING EXTRA TO BUY!

Every single trick is performed with everyday things you have around the house... coins, cards, balls, handkerchiefs, ropes, etc. The small price of \$1.00 is all you pay!

"POSITIVELY ASTONISHING" ...

say people who have seen this collection. You'll be picking coins from thin air! You'll cause curls to change their spots at your command! You'll hear the steps of wonder as you do the world-famous "Indian Rope Trick." You'll actually do over 250 baffling tricks, including:

- The Vanishing Ball
- The Mind Reading Trick
- The Secret of Number 9
- Phantom Writing
- Growing Money Trick
- The Coin Leaping Trick
- Disappearing Handkerchief
- The Knot that Unties Itself
- The Disappearing Coin
- Making a Ball Roll by Itself
- Miracle Card Jumping Trick
- The Phantom Money Trick, etc., etc.

HURRY! Supply is Limited!

ANYONE ... & TO GO ... CAN PERFORM THESE FEATS OF MAGIC **ONCE YOU KNOW THESE SECRETS!**
First time revealed ... this private collection from "Art the Magician." COMPLETE SECRETS REVEALED! Every single trick fully explained! You saw some of them on T.V. Many were performed by such master magicians as HOUDINI, THURSTON, etc. And now ... you can do all of these famous magic tricks. They're fun! They're mystifying! Simply terrific for parties!

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Bruce Sales Company
261 FIFTH AVE., ROOM 2102
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

I enclose \$1.00. Please RUSH me 250 MAGIC TRICKS postpaid. If the book doesn't work, I can return it 10 days for full refund. (Sorry, No C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ Please Print
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

night—no noise broke the calmness.

Dazed, Martha got up, clinging on to Henry. This time he didn't complain. The lines in his wife's face appeared again—the same homely, middle-aged face, although paler than usual, stared open-mouthed at him.

Henry looked down at the watch strapped to his trembling wrist: 12:05. But that five minutes had lasted 90 years.

Martha reached down and picked up her pocket book. Arm in arm she and her husband left the house. At the door Henry paused to spring the lock.

A cool evening breeze began drying the sweat on their dirt-coated faces as they walked down the street leading to their home.

"I'll return the key tomorrow, Henry," Martha said weakly as they turned the corner to go home.

THE END

DEVIL NEEDS SOUL

(Continued from page 29)

heighten the lofty feelings the ancient melody inspired.

Chris stumbled ahead, following the dim light. The pair climbed down a long flight of stairs. At the foot, Joel's arm reached out and touched her elbow.

"Wait here. I'll be back in a second."

Chris stood alone in the darkness, a little frightened, but at the same time, peace more complete than ever she had felt before filled her heart.

Joel returned carrying two bundles of cloth, one light and the other black.

"Go over to the corner and undress. Don't worry, nobody can see you there. After you've stripped yourself of everything, and that includes rings, watches, ribbons and pins," he added quietly, "put this on," handing her the white bundle. "The Master commands that his people be free of wordly objects."

Chris walked over to the corner, even darker than the rest of her surroundings, and stripped. She fumbled at her robe. It seemed almost alive—strange, queer material that clung to her curves, almost like hands trying to caress her body.

She finished putting on the skimpy costume and walked back to Joel. He was now dressed to match the man who had opened the door for them.

Chris glanced down at the floor and saw his street clothes lying in a

BE AN ARTIST IN 1 MINUTE NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!

Without lessons or practice, in just one minute you can draw, sketch or paint live models, scenery or any photographs like an artist. Magic Artist Reproduce places the image on any sheet of paper, instantly giving you drawing skills. It would take years to learn. Make original drawings for profit or as a hobby.

Only \$3.98 with instructions and Free Bonus.
Order today. If not delighted after 10 day trial return for refund.

GIFT KING,

1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

FREE BONUS

Hollywood Models

Large selection of Glamour models in basic poses. Learn to Draw With Ease, like an artist

MARKED CARDS

PROFESSIONAL TOP QUALITY

You will be unbeatable with these Professionally Marked, top quality, bridge size cards. Markings detectable only by the operator.
Complete instructions included. (Sold for magical purposes only)

ONLY \$298 each (2 for \$55) or (3 for \$7.00)

Money Back If Not Delighted.

GIFT KING Dept. MD

1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

EXCLUSIVE! BOTH SEXES NAKED, TOGETHER, AND UNASHAMED IN: THE ALL REVEALING NUDE

Private Collectors

Men and women are completely undressed and are caught at their most personal and private moments in hundreds of big, full page 8 x 10 1/2 action poses with special close-up studies in HUGE DOUBLE PAGE COLOR SPREADS.

Male and female naked bodies together, as never before. The All Revealing Nude is just that: over 250 pages (more than the usual book size) of photographs of nude men and women in complete all revealing nudity. "All revealing" means so much more than simply showing everything. In this unusual volume, exceptional camera angles bare the human body more clearly, in many cases, than we ever see it in real life. Some of the shots will make you gasp aloud and draw you back, again and again, to the hundreds of enlarged detail photographs.

Note: The All Revealing Nude is a Private Collectors' volume crammed with material and photographs especially chosen for selected readers. Once this First Edition is sold out we cannot guarantee a second printing. Take a moment right now to fill in the simple Order Form. You won't be disappointed.

Available by Mail Order only

Nearly 500 Explicit Photos
Dozens of sizzling articles
Over 250 pages
Large 8 x 10 1/2

Hundreds of specially selected photographs, many of them closeup studies and intimate details of our private nudes. Exciting discoveries on every page. All yours to enjoy again & again in privacy.

Send To: GREENWICH VILLAGE BOOKS
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001 Dept. MM-6004

Gentlemen: Please send me THE ALL REVEALING NUDE #143 for Private Collectors. I am 21 years or over. I enclosed \$6.95 plus \$1.00 for postage & handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
N.Y. residents add 5% sales tax.

Amazing Offer!

24 JOKE BOOKS \$4 ALL

What better way to warm up an audience, start an interview, live up an article or report, or just bring a gathering of friends, than to tell a good joke?

Here are thousands of side-rolling anecdotes, puns, quips, and quotes for every imaginable speaking and writing occasion. You'll find each book has jokes especially for people, farmers, salesmen, politicians, old people, young people—for every group you can think of.

The subjects of these lung-busters are as varied as the groups they are about. You'll have a joke to fit any topic: marriage, travel, art, taxes, children, baseball, business, food, social affairs, good ole sex, or anything else.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE Suite 402-Y

Padell Book Co 1199 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

Mechanical Drawing

(Self Taught)



This sensational new book can help you become an expert draftsman. Contains the latest up-to-date, authoritative instructions and methods. 21 step-by-step illustrated drawings teaches you how to scale drawings, hand letter, use of the French curve and the use of other mechanical drawing instruments. It's easy to achieve perfection in mechanical drawing this easy way.

Only
\$200

pad.
Send Check,
Cash or M.O.

PADELL BOOK CO., Dept.K2 1199 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

heap. Like her, he was naked underneath, "pure," as he called it, for the King. But the robes, one dark and the other light, hid their modesty from the rest of the world.

Chris' heart was hammering and she felt light-headed. Joel took her hand in his and his cold strength gave her courage to enter the ceremonial chamber that opened like a dank cave at the foot of the stairs.

ELEVEN ROBED FIGURES, sitting with backs against the walls, stared at the new arrivals. Joel motioned wordlessly, and together they walked to the furthest corner and sat down on the cool floor.

The silence became intolerable and just as Chris felt herself going to explode from pent-up emotion, movement brought her back to her senses.

One of the figures nearer the front of the room had gotten up. Taking an ornate silver candlestick, apparently the same one used to usher them into the sacred building, he lighted the slim taper and placed it on a long, cloth-draped box that in the darkness Chris hadn't noticed before.

He spoke, but in such soft tones that Chris couldn't make out what he was saying.

Joel moved forward a few inches and turned his face so that his lips gently touched her ear. "The lector is speaking in the special language used to bring forth Satan. It's a hybrid tongue; a language made up of many others, and it's a mixture of ancient Greek, classical and medieval Latin, Old French, Anglo-Saxon and Old Hungarian. But after he finishes the Introit, he'll speak in English. Oh yes," he remarked, sensing a feeling of surprise in Chris, "it follows quite closely the usual rite of the Catholic mass." He paused, then added: "with a few changes, naturally."

The strange words uttered by the lector, the dark room, the hidden figures, the slight pressure of Joel's well-shaped lips on her ear—all, all seemed to hypnotize her, seemed to lull her body into a drug-induced stupor. Her mind soared and she imagined herself capable of looking down on the scene as from a great height.

The figure in the front of the chamber began speaking English. "Come, oh come, Satan. Incline thine ear and harken unto us, thy servants."

Another plainsong filled the room and Chris tried to force her brain

How to be Popular

In Any Company — Anywhere!



To be really popular, you should know how to do many different things and do them well. An expert dancer is always in demand socially. A man who can box or wrestle is always liked and respected. People like you if you know how to entertain. And the man or girl who knows the art of love is REALLY desirable. These books tell you how.

| LOVE AND ROMANCE | | |
|-------------------------|--|--------|
| 31. The Art of Kissing | | \$7.95 |
| 28. True Love Guide | | .75 |
| 27. Modern Love Letters | | .75 |
| 89. How to Propose | | .75 |

| SELF-DEFENSE | | |
|-------------------------|--|-----|
| 3178. Police Jiu Jitsu | | .75 |
| 3179. Scientific Boxing | | .75 |
| 3190. Police Wrestling | | .75 |

| DANCE INSTRUCTIONS | | |
|--------------------------|--|-----|
| 57. How to Dance | | .75 |
| 54. Tip-Top Tapping | | .75 |
| 55. Jitterbug Dance Book | | .75 |
| 56. Square Dancing | | .75 |
| 100. Its Fun To Dance | | .75 |

| FORTUNE TELLING | | |
|------------------------------|--|-----|
| 45. Fortune Telling by Cards | | .75 |
| 106. Astrology—Horoscopes | | .75 |
| 97. Handwriting Analysis | | .75 |

| DREAMS AND THEIR MEANING | | |
|----------------------------------|--|-----|
| 115. Dictionary of a 1000 Dreams | | .75 |
| 116. Prince Ali Dream Book | | .75 |
| 78. Egyptian Dream Book | | .75 |

| CARD TRICKS | | |
|----------------------|--|-----|
| 46. 84 Card Tricks | | .75 |
| 110. Easy Card Magic | | .75 |

| LANGUAGES SELF TAUGHT | | |
|-------------------------|--|-----|
| 81. Spanish Self Taught | | .75 |
| 83. German Self Taught | | .75 |
| 84. Italian Self Taught | | .75 |
| 85. Russian Self Taught | | .75 |
| 86. French Self Taught | | .75 |

| HYPONOTISM | | |
|-----------------------------|--|-----|
| 76. 25 Lessons in Hypnotism | | .75 |

| MAGIC | | |
|-----------------------------|--|-----|
| 47. Secrets of Magic | | .75 |
| 48. Fun with Stunts, Tricks | | .75 |
| 49. Optical Illusions | | .75 |

| TOASTS & SPEECHES | | |
|-------------------------|--|-----|
| 117. The Big Toast Book | | .75 |

| HUMOR | | |
|--|--|-----|
| 52. Joe Miller's Joke Book | | .75 |
| 51. How to Make Funny Gags | | .75 |
| 30. How to Make Friends and be Popular | | .75 |

| SPECIAL OFFERS | | |
|-----------------|--|--------------|
| Any Three Books | | \$1.98 |
| All 40 Books | | Only \$23.98 |

How to Order
Pick out the books you want in this list. Fill out the coupon below, placing a circle around the number of each book you want, and mail the coupon to us now!

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!
Money Back Guarantee

PADELL BOOK CO. Dept. LM-1

1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

I enclose \$ (plus 25¢ postage)

for which send me the books checked below.

| | | | | |
|----|-----|-----|-----|------|
| 31 | 56 | 78 | 85 | 52 |
| 28 | 100 | 46 | 86 | 51 |
| 27 | 45 | 110 | 76 | 30 |
| 89 | 106 | 81 | 47 | 3178 |
| 57 | 97 | 82 | 48 | 3179 |
| 54 | 115 | 83 | 49 | 3190 |
| 55 | 116 | 84 | 117 | |

Name _____

Street _____

City & Zone _____

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

Canadian orders 20% additional—cash with order.

into concentrating on which mode the new chant was in, but she couldn't shake the feeling of surrounding numbness.

"Like floating in honey," she muttered to herself, "or being encased in amber. You can see outside and they can see in, but you can move only with difficulty." And to demonstrate her point to herself, she began slowly to wave her arms with the melody. Joel made no move to stop her, "Mother used to be angry with me in church." "Don't fidget, she'd tell me. I'm glad Joel lets me," and she became engrossed in trying to make each finger follow the sweeping notes and cadences that made up the flowing strain.

HOURS LATER—or was it minutes?—the music stopped.

She was dimly aware that Joel had gotten to his feet and had bade her rise. Dreaming of childish fingers playing in light streaming eternally through stained glass memory-windows, she stood up. And feet scarcely feeling the floor beneath her, she followed him to the altar.

She was dimly aware that Joel had gotten to his feet and had bade her rise. Dreaming of childish fingers playing in light streaming eternally through stained glass memory-windows, she stood up. And feet scarcely feeling the floor beneath her, she followed him to the altar.

Another man joined Joel and both of them took one of Chris' arms as she sagged under the new experience. Then hands under armpits, they hoisted her up until she was sitting on the box.

"Lie down Chris," ordered Joel in a far-away voice, and she found herself obeying.

She turned her head and felt the figures on the altar cloth burn right through her eyes. She tensed, back arched as pain racked her body. There was nothing to cause it, nothing but the air. It was charged with electricity. It reeked of the too-fresh smell of ozone. It crinkled and crackled all about her.

Deep down in her mind, Chris thought: "I think I am going to SCREAM!"

"Stop! Help! Somebody HELP ME!"

Firm hands reached out and forced struggling shoulders and knees back down on the cloth. Her mind was split—part of her wanted to be free; but the other, bigger part was ready to accept anything. She must have more of that peace, of

5 NEW

EXCITING Marital Relations Products For Men

REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY!—Thousands of dissatisfied users! Do you sometimes find it difficult to perform your marital duties? Well, it could be because of age or fatigue. Now, there is a way to avoid embarrassment and enjoy yourself, too, regardless of your age. You can now satisfy the woman in your life just as if you were 21. No drugs, no pills, you wear it externally. It will produce a sensation and satisfaction never thought possible. For illustrated brochures and complete detailed information send \$1.00, refundable on first order. To Maxon Products, P.O. Box 5913, Dept. LM-61, San Mateo, Calif. 94402.

MALE PHYSIQUE BIG BOYS — \$1

Complete Illustrated Catalogue and other interesting offers only \$1.00.

ROYAL (MMA-27) Box 1548
Pomona Beach, Florida 33061

ADULTS ONLY — BOOKS!

Top quality adult books, nudist magazines (male & female), photos, slides! Latest imports! Fabulous full color catalogue—200 photographs! Plus exciting brochures! Send 25¢ (handling) and state age.

CLIFTON'S, Box 1068-BL, Sausalito, Calif. 94360

NUDES & NUDISM

New exciting big best complete book. Illustrated with camp photos. Five names, addresses all U.S., Canada, clubs and camps. YOU can Now join!

Special \$1.00 plus 25¢ packing, plain wrapper. Adults Only. BOOK CLUB, Box 774, Place d'Armes Ste. Montreal 126, Canada.

YOUNG ENGLISH GIRL

wishes to hear from any gentlemen interested in photos "and films" of an unusual nature. Please send no money, just write to Miss P. Lockwood, 41 Beak Street, London. W.I. England.

THIS IS IT!

We have the greatest collection of adult items for men and women over 21 ever offered! Many of these items are not available anywhere else at any price! If you're tired of being disappointed and want the wildest and most daring products available for adults only, just rush 35¢ to cover postage & handling for our "Big Free Catalog" and illustrated brochures to:

ELIAS SALES CO., Dept. 51
P.O. Box 330—New York, N.Y. 10036

MEN ONLY!

We have the most unusual items and novelties for men ever offered. Sample assortments, only \$2.00. Catalog only 25¢, refunded on first order.

ARTCO MFG. CO., Dept. LM-11

806 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

TWO
LOVELY
VIXENS...
ONE
TORMENTED
MALE...

in the
**"Naked
Love-in"**



This scorching action film in two thrilling parts daring to explore virgin territories ablaze with the wanton desires of two women for one man.

Society drove them behind closed doors to seek fulfillment of their passions. Never before has a movie explored the hot, sizzling world of the "Love-In" generation as this one does.

Reel #1 FORBIDDEN GAMES

Two bodies writhing in unison, sharing one.

Reel #2 NUDE LOVE GARDEN

Unleashed emotions in the hidden Love Garden.

NOVEL PRESS 1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001 Dept. MM4006

GENTLEMEN: Please Rush me the items checked below: ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ MO

Reel #1 FORBIDDEN GAMES ☐ 200 ft. B&W @ \$12.95 ☐ 200 ft. Color @ \$20.

Reel #2 NUDE LOVE GARDEN ☐ 200 ft. B&W @ \$12.95 ☐ 200 ft. Color @ \$20.

I enclose \$_____ as payment in full for all films ordered above.
I am 21 years of age or over.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

that amber-coated separation from the agony of the world, from a God who didn't seem to care anymore. Satan lived. He gave peace to his people.

She watched in rapt fascination as the other figures rose and crowded around her. Somewhere a knife was produced. A slight twitch, and a tiny droplet of blood intensified the creamy whiteness of her skin. Another flick and a second scarlet dot joined the first, and both coursed their way down her downy flesh.

A third chant was begun—this one louder, more demanding than the others. Robes swaying in time to the plainsong as participants of the mass became involved in the summoning of Satan.

"Behold, he comes!" This from Joel, but a Joel Chris had never seen before. Eyes glowing, growing bigger than in life, Joel's features contorted in sublime agony as the Dark One knifed and slashed his way into the clear, airy recess of human soul and heart.

"I command the sacrifice be completed."

The echoes of the new voice pounded on the walls of the small, closed room. Chris' ear—where before it had felt a warm embrace of lover's lips—exploded. Blood, delicate bone and membrane shattered at the sound.

All was encased in silence now for Chris. Her body and mind soared—faster, faster until the acceleration threatened to leave her unconscious. The room spun. The draped altar acted as fulcrum as all other objects whirled about her swirling head. All but Joel.

A gleam of pointed steel cut through the insanity of motion. Into her breast one, two three times—until in a frenzy of movement Chris felt herself hurled forward. To heaven, to hell—it was all the same. Darkness closed. It spun, danced, cavorted. Blankness of space and eternal amber. The union of time and space. She was being propelled quicker, quicker now into the opening abyss that yawned before her.

A new song—triumphant choir of doomed souls—howled and greeted her. Glow, heat, blazing red enveloped her being. Then—nothingness forever as she spun in ever-widening circles into hell—and beyond!

A few days later, Joel found the book lying on his front seat. He had quit his job and was heading for a new one at another college. He

SEE-THRU
MINI-KINI

3 piece SET

\$4.98

per set

**SHEER! STRIKING!
AND SEE-WITCHING!**

The set includes bikini panties, see-thru bra and mini sleeveless top. Each trimmed with wispy, silky fringe. Stretch ribbon on bra and panties for smooth fit. In nighttime black or negligee red nylon tricot. They're comfortable, care-free and "devil-may-care."

Order Sm., Med. or Lge.

Send check or money order

ALEXANDER SALES

Dept. S-9 1199 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

The Key to a Successful Business

**A Master Plan to Raise
Capital and Eliminating
Risks in Small Business**

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE would like to get into a small business of their own and build it up, but they're confronted with two problems: how to raise the capital they need in order to get started and how to eliminate risks. They know that a high percentage of small independent firms fail because they don't know where the pitfalls are or how to avoid them. Business consultant Arthur Lieber has written a book called *The Master Plan* which resolves these problems in language anyone can understand. You'll use it yourself and sell it in large numbers. Key Publishing Co., Dept. 402-F

1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

THIS AD HAS BEEN

CENSORED!

By the management of Mondo Film Club. We are probably the largest mail order Adult Film Club in the U.S. — serving, confidentially, the most demanding, sophisticated collectors. However, because of new, pending "anti-porno" legislation we can not publicly and realistically describe or illustrate films which we (and the U.S. Supreme Court) believe you are entitled to view in the privacy of your home.

If you are interested in seeing the many exclusive and want the best; wish to enjoy the many exclusive advantages of belonging to a private, "closed-circle" film club, then join MFC. Write today for Free Film and membership details. Do not respond unless 21 or over, and extremely broadminded. The type of film you have in mind is available.

FREE! To New Members — Complete catalog and revealing 8 mm. movie on the Danish "Blue" film industry. Shocking!

MAIL COUPON TODAY SURE!

Mondo Film Club, Box 6, Dept. LM-1
6515 Sunset Blvd., Suite 202, Hollywood, Calif. 90028
Rush confidential Free Film and club details. (Enclose 10¢ for handling.) I hereby state I am a mature adult and will not show Mondo Films for profit.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

BURIAL INSURANCE

One of America's finest old-line insurance companies "NOW" makes it possible to assure that all final bills will be paid. Available up to age 85. No medical examination necessary — regardless of age or amount. No salesman will call. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** if you cancel within 30 days. Write for details to:

ALL AMERICAN LIFE & CASUALTY CO.
Dept. G-126 8501 W. Higgins Rd., Chicago, Ill. 60631



"You'll feel much better Sahib... if you add some **SPICE THAT'S NICE** to your life!"

SPICE THAT'S NICE

THE RUDE
WILL THINK
IT'S RUDE...

A book filled with
spicy anecdotes and
hilarious cartoons
... all in good taste
(and fun)

\$2.00

post paid

Money Back Guarantee

KEY PUBLISHING COMPANY
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

gazed lovingly at the tattered volume.

"I think I'll have this rebound before I take it to the next library. It'll look nicer."

THE END

VAMPIRE'S FANGS

(Continued from page 8)

in the pond. Somewhere in the distance an owl in search of fieldmice sounded a low hoot as it found its prey. The eyes of gentle night animals glistened for a moment then disappeared in the green-black foliage of overhanging trees and fragrant bushes.

Five hundred yards down the moon-bathed road shone yet another set of lights. Harsh, cold, these were man-lights. Bill Paracelus sat at a table and gazed through the window. Moonlight had turned his neighbors' roof to a dull silver, melted down, and transformed the glass of the bedroom window to glowing jewels.

He got up, extinguished the lamp, and opening the door, stepped out into the cool evening. He began to walk slowly down the road.

Clouds appeared and hid the moon behind a velvet curtain. There were new night sounds now—animals scurrying away into the forest, a frightened mother possum calling to her lost children, a bat swooping low in the heavens.

Paracelus had primed things well, had rehearsed in his mind the great conversion of soul into something else.

He approached the great oak growing near the window and peered through the glass at the two sleeping forms. He drew his cloak about him and opened wide his eyes.

Beth stirred, tossed, threw off the bedclothes. Her eyes snapped open, then half closed in dream.

She imagined herself getting up carefully not to awaken Frank. Then walking to the door, opening it and gliding into the hall, she fancied herself going to the front door. For a moment the rush of cool air brought her to the brink of consciousness, then disappeared as the two glowing eyes burned their way into her mind.

Paracelus stood in front of her. A slight movement of his right eye caused her to turn and head to the couch. In the dream Paracelus followed. He sat and she knelt before him. Leaning over, he flicked a dry tongue across her throat—it became numb. A flurry of movement, another lick but with

GIVE ME JUST ONE EVENING and I'LL TEACH YOU ALL THE 'SECRETS' ABOUT PEOPLE THE QUICK, EASY, SIMPLE WAY!!!

Yes, It's True! You Can Learn "Secrets" About Your Neighbors, Friends, Co-Workers, Competition, Even Your Distant Relatives. Amaze Everyone! You Can Keep The "Secret" Or Demonstrate Your Feats! The Very First Day You Receive The "Secrets" To Handwriting Analysis You'll Be Able To Perform Wonders That Will Amaze Everyone. It's That Simple... When You Know How. Imagine The Thrill Of Being Able To Demonstrate Your Secret Powers. You'll Be The Center of Attention At Parties Or Work. Everywhere. And You'll Do Wonders With Ease. It Is No Longer A Miracle Of Science But A Tool You Can Use. When You Know How. Lawyers And Law Officials Find It Most Helpful. Credit Companies And Banks Find It

Newly Marrieds Learn To Adjust To Each Other Easily And Quickly. Parents Find It Invaluable In Helping Them Understand And Guide Their Children Or Grandchildren.

And Many Intelligent People With Or Without Problems, Use It In Order To See Themselves Objectively.

Secrets of Handwriting Analysis Is A Relatively New Psychological Technique. It Is Not Occult. It Is A Scientific Procedure Already Proven And Tested.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU?

First Of All It Is Your Chance To Acquire A Specialized Knowledge That Will Help You Personally In A Hundred Different Ways.

YOU CAN PERFORM FEATS!

First, You Must Know That A Person Who Learned The Secrets of Handwriting Analysis Can Make People Cry, Laugh, Shout, Sing, Dance AND DO MANY THINGS. And The Most Amazing Thing Of All Is... How Easy It Is.

DEVELOP SELF CONFIDENCE!

The Method Of Learning Handwriting Analysis Is Quick and EASY To Learn. It Shows Step By Step How To Handle The Situation. You Get Clear, Easy To Follow Instructions. You Will Find It A Great Aid For Self Improvement. It Will Help You Build Self-Confidence.

The Guide To Handwriting Analysis Is Yours For Only \$1.98. Yes, Only \$1.98 For The Complete Secrets of Handwriting Analysis. Certainly A Small Investment For So Much. If Not Satisfied Return For Refund. **PADELL CO. Dept. A-169**

1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

PADELL CO. Dept. A-169

1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

YES, Please send me Secrets to Handwriting Analysis. Enclosed is \$1.98 Ppd. If not delighted with results I understand I may return for a complete refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

OVER 1000 PHOTOS UNCENSORED! UNRETOUCHED! UNCLOTHED!

ALL REVEALING ACTION PHOTOS
OF NAKED BRONZE BEAUTIES!!

A gigantic color-packed treasure of sultry, vibrant dusky beauty—this is Belles en Colour. Page after page of erotic loveliness is s-p-r-e-a-d w-i-d-e before your eyes! Boldly daring to show it where it's at and like it is, this is a truly unmatched magazine. The sizzling, frantic beauties share their most intimate moments with erotic gusto. In frank words and candid photos the tawny vixens display their unfettered way of life and their hold. Establishment rocking thoughts and deeds. Naked, unashamed and ready for action, the septa swingers are the cream of their crop. They will stir your sense, and light your libido. A supercharged publication for the connoisseur of erotic femmes!

NUMBER 1



NUMBER 3



NUMBER 4



NUMBER 5



This daring publication leaves the competition far, far behind in its effort to smash the barriers and bring the reader the very best of dusky delights.

BELLES EN COLOUR

GREENWICH VILLAGE BOOKS Dept. MM-5004
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

☐ I am over 21 & seriously
interested in the philosophy of nudism.

Please rush the following in plain sealed wrapper:

- ☐ BELLES EN COLOUR: Specify #1 #3 #4 #5 — only \$3.50 + 50¢ pp
☐ SPECIAL: Any 2 different issues, # () & # () — 2 for \$6.50 + 50¢ pp

☐ SUPER
SPECIAL
OFFER

ALL 4 DIFFERENT ISSUES — only \$10.00 + 50¢ pp

enclosed
find:
☐ cash
☐ check
☐ money
order

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

EXCLUSIVE MAIL-ORDER OFFER. AVAILABLE ONLY THRU GREENWICH VILLAGE PRESS!

HOW TO REPAIR YOUR CAR

Save money on auto repairs with this informative up-to-date auto repair book. You can do it yourself, easily, quickly. Everything is covered from Ammeters to Voltage Regulators plus sections on emergency repairs, tools and equipment, a price list of various repairs, preventive maintenance measures, buying parts new and rebuilt and much more. Knowing your car and what keeps it moving will save you money, time and aggravation.

Only
\$200
ppd.

PADELL BOOK CO., Dept. N1005 1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, 10001



EXECUTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING TECHNIQUES

By Harry Simmons

Learn how to present your ideas with imagination — speak with impact! Develop your sales ability! Read & Profit from this modern-day guide to speaking success!

\$5.00 Ppd.

Money Back Guarantee—No C.O.D.'s
KEY PUBLISHING CO., 1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

the tongue now wet. Beth arose and walked back to the bedroom. Paracelus closed the front door after him.

“DEAR, I’m sorry I burned the eggs. I just don’t know what’s the matter with me today. I feel so tired that I could fall asleep on a red an’ hill and not feel a thing.”

Frank looked down at his watch and gulped his coffee. “Honey, I’ve got to get going or I’ll be late.” He got up and kissed her. He started to walk to the door. Frank turned, and laughing, said, “You know, it just might be that after two weeks you’re not used to being a little loving. Such a delicate, tender little nymph like you.”

Beth grabbed a handful of potholders and began throwing them at Frank. She was built like a healthy farmer’s girl and both of them knew it. She chased him to the car still tossing them. Frank leaned out of the window and kissed her. Then he started the engine and drove off. “I’ll be home at six, honey,” he called.

Beth smiled and waved as the car drove out of sight behind the trees. She bent down to pick up the scattered potholders then grabbed the picket fence for support. She felt as if all the life had been drained out of her, and nearly fainted. After a few moments she was all right, finished collecting her ammunition and headed back to the house.

That night after coffee, Frank leaned across the table and took his wife’s hand. “Beth, I don’t like the way you’re looking. Are you still tired? Maybe you should see the doctor tomorrow.”

Beth brushed a strand of hair from her eyes. “I’m all right, Frank. Just a little tired, that’s all.”

They went to bed earlier that night and for the first time in their married life, Beth had refused Frank’s advances. But he knew she wasn’t feeling well and they both turned over and went to sleep.

Again moonlight streamed through the heavens as Paracelus made his way to the little house. Once more he beckoned with his eyes and Beth followed him. This time out in the damp grass he bade her kneel and the dry tongue put to flight all pain.

“With one more meeting you’ll be mine—to roam forever in the hills of the night. Eternal life will be yours. Wolves and bats will be your minions and you shall have power over all the earth.”

He led her back to the house and

ONLY MOVIE KEYLUGS OFFERS—

Sex Films **DEMARK**

Where Pornography is Legal!

At Last! Enjoy real Danish Sex! ... male-female action footage from Copenhagen. "Blue Film" capital of the world! Sex previously "forbidden" in Denmark. Super 8 films, black and white or color. ... actual smiling, happy Danish couples "working" in a smiling, porno-film exposé! Oral sex—shows all! First time available in U.S. collection—only through MKC. Join today!

CAN YOU QUALIFY FOR MKC MEMBERSHIP?

Yes! If you're 21 or over; extremely low priced; and interested in pornography per se; if you agree in writing not to use any MKC films for profit; if you realize your constitutional right to view any type of sex, including pornography, in your home.

GET A NEW MEMBER KIT

One Precious Gift: Import 2 D-mat 8mm film

NEVER AGAIN SETTLE FOR "CENSORED" U.S. STAGGS!

Movie KeyLugs, Dept. L.M.-1 **RUSH COUPON TODAY**
P.O. Box 553
Reno, Nev. 89504

Count me in! Rush FREE GIFT & Club Details. (Enclose 10 cents for handling.) I hereby state: I am 21 or over; I am not interested in pornography for profit; if you realize your constitutional right to view any type of sex, including pornography, in your home.

Sign Here _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MARRIED MEN! MUTUAL SATISFACTION

If too quick climax is ruining your marital relations, you can help solve this problem with GEM. This product has helped 1000's who have had this problem. 30 day supply \$3.00 or 60 day supply only \$5.00. In plain wrapper.

CENTRAL PRODUCTS Dept. LM-11
806 S. Robertson Blvd., L.A., Calif. 90035.

RARE EROTICA!

Adult books and magazines of an unusual nature available. Some privately printed and not offered in any bookstores or newsstands. Send \$1 for samples and catalogue. State age. Shipped in plain wrapper.

Frank J. Pepe Dept. ML-6
BOX 565 WATERTOWN, N.Y. 13601

HOW TO GET THE REAL THING in STAG FILMS

We contend that the individual has the right to choose for himself, that material which affords him personal pleasure and satisfaction—despite the censorship tactics of organized pressure-groups.

We have perfected an ingenious "No Risk" Plan that assures you receiving the rare and prized Stag Films others CANNOT offer. We do not ship but arrange all confidential details. Let us prove that only we have the connections you've long been seeking! Send now for free film strip and referral details. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. (Enclose \$1.00 for postage, special handling.)

POSITIVELY NO DEALINGS WITH MINORS!

International Exchange
1001 Glendale Blvd., Dept. LM-1
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90026

HOW TO REPAIR YOUR CAR

Save Money on Auto Repairs. Do It Yourself. You'll find everything covered, from Ammeter to Voltage. Regular step-by-step instructions on emergency repairs, tools and equipment, a price list of various repairs, preventive maintenance measures, buying parts new and rebuilt. Only \$2.00 ppd.

PAWELL BOOK CO., Dept. K3, NEW YORK, 10001

all the while Beth kept repeating, "Power eternal life, night."

At seven o'clock the alarm rang. Frank reached sleepily over to turn it off. Then his mind snapped into attention. "Beth—your nightgown. It's wet around the edges!"

She was too tired to open her eyes. "So maybe my feet sweat heavily."

"No—it's damp nearer the ankles. Like you were sleepwalking outside. What is it—do you remember anything?"

"Well, I've been having strange dreams lately. But I can't remember anything—just that they were pretty weird. Do you think you could manage breakfast alone this morning? I'm just about done in."

Frank ate burned eggs and tried to swallow lukewarm coffee. Then he drove off to work. He had to spend most of the day with an important client. But after five o'clock, he was going to pay a call at the doctor's office.

It was raining heavily by the time he reached his office. And when quitting hour came around, he could hardly see across the street. The intense rain was whipped into a frenzy by the gale-strength winds. He wanted to go home, but first he had to see the doctor.

Dr. Richards was a kindly man in his late fifties. "So you're the new person at the Simmon's place? How do you like living so far from civilization? You must live a good hour away from town."

"It's strange all right," Frank laughed, catching on to the older man's gentle sarcasm. "OK. I admit that New York isn't the only place to live in the country. But, Doctor," his face turned serious. "I'm worried about my wife. She's been acting a little funny lately. Been tired, irritable. And this morning her nightgown was wet around her feet. She must have been sleepwalking last night. What do you make of it?"

He glanced down and noticed the Doctor's knuckles turn white as the man clutched the arms of his chair.

Richards announced in a calm voice: "It's really nothing—just the heat. Um—look, let me give you some vitamins for her." He got up quickly and went toward the medicine chest. But Frank saw the look of terror on the old man's face as it was clearly reflected in the glass of the cabinet door.

"I don't know what's going on here, Doctor," Frank said angrily, "but I'm no fool. First some jerk on the train warned me about my neighbor, Paracelus, and then

refused to tell me anything more. And I can see you're just as scared as he was. What gives?" He reached up and grabbed Richards' arm. "Please—are we in some kind of danger?"

The doctor turned wearily toward the anxious young man, then sat down. "I was born in these parts and spent most of my life here. But I've been to college and later on, to medical school. I've studied under some of the finest doctors in the States and in Europe. I also keep up with all the latest scientific developments. Look for yourself." And the Doctor pointed to a large stack of medical journals that showed clear evidence of being used frequently.

"Yes," he continued, baffled, defeated. "There is danger. As a man of science I can't believe it. But as a native of this area, I have no other choice. The Paracelus family came here just about the same time mine did—in 1732. No one knew anything about them, where they came from, what they were doing in a small frontier settlement. But right from the start things began to happen. People died or disappeared. The gentle Indians moved away overnight. We used to have herds of elk and deer—all vanished. Almost as if all of nature rebelled against something. We became frightened, frightened because there was nothing tangible to fear. We moved the settlement here, leaving the Paracelus family alone in the hills. Things got better, but that nameless terror still remained.

"Through the generations the town grew and prospered. The Paracelus' would come down once a month or so for supplies but we would have nothing to do with them socially. Superstition—yes. But the evidence was too clear to avoid.

"About a hundred years ago, the Simmons family came from Ohio and built the house you're now occupying," Richards leaned nearer to Frank to give his words added intensity. "Within the year, every one of them had disappeared and were never heard of since. Other people have tried living there but they all moved away. I guess that's why your company managed to get the house so cheaply. There's only one of them left now."

"But I still don't understand. Who are the Paracelus family?"

"When I was in Vienna studying medicine, my sister died," the Doctor said bitterly. "My roommate was from Hungary. He told me who they were. I think I've said

OVER 500 UNCENSORED UNRETOUCHED WILD NUDE PICTURES

ONLY \$5

We Pay
Postage
and
Handling



- FULL SIZE GLOSSY PICTURES!
- EXQUISITE CLOSE-UP PHOTOGRAPHY!
- FANTASTIC BOLD NUDES!
- BUXOM NAKED BEAUTIES!
- SWINGING UNUSUAL POSES!

SEE big, buxom and excitingly beautiful Nude women! SEE them excitingly posed just the way you want them! SEE gorgeous Nudist beauty queens - big girls, small girls, short girls, tall girls - buxom and big hippped shapely figures, exotic brunettes, stunning blondes and gorgeous redheads - someone for everyone! Each and every one an exceptionally built and exquisitely shaped Nude beauty! See over 500 differently posed individual pictures of these exciting Nude women! Only \$5 for over 500 different Nude pictures! Rush your order today! Sure!

FREE! With each order of these over 500 uncensored and unretouched Wild Nude Pictures you will receive absolutely FREE the greatest selection of colorful picture filled catalogs, featuring Nudist Magazines, Nudist Books, Nudist Films, Nudist Slides and the most unusual exclusive Nudist items you've ever seen. Sent FREE with each order.

Plus FREE Credit Certificate
Worth \$\$\$ Towards Purchase of
Any of Our Adult Merchandise.

You must be 21 years of age or over to order

Send \$5 in cash, check or MO to:

EMPIRE DISTRIBUTORS
DEPT. MM-201
210 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010

enough. Go. Leave if you've got any brains. Here, take this book and get out." The doctor reached into the desk drawer and took out a dog-eared volume. Then he quickly escorted Frank to the door.

The wind had picked up, sending slashes of rain stinging against Frank's face. He walked on the muddy sidewalk until he came to a street lamp. Shielding his eyes from the rain, he turned the small book over. In the howling night and flickering light he saw: A **PRACTICAL HISTORY OF ... VAMPIRES!**

"Beth!" he shouted. "Dear God, I've got to get back to her!"

He ran to the parking lot and struggling against the wind, managed to open the car door. Frantically he climbed in and tired to start the engine—nothing! He twisted the key again and the car leapt into action. The windshield wipers were going full strength but Frank still couldn't see more than a few feet in front of him.

He drove as quickly as possible through the deserted streets until he came to the dirt road that lead home.

"Damn!" he shouted as the front left wheel buried itself deep into oozing mud. He tried to rock the car but it wouldn't budge. No car would make it through the near-swamp that was now the road.

He got out and began to run, but stopped exhaustedly as the gale switched directions and now howled against him. Slowly, fighting the wind every inch of the way, he walked through mud and fallen trees. Then—"god, no!" A tree uprooted by the wind fell on him.

He came to hours later, mud and water stung his eyes and choked his breathing. Frank tried to lift the branch that pinned him to the earth but couldn't budge the wood. "I've got to get back to Beth," he moaned to the wind, felt tears of desperation course their way down mud-caked cheeks.

Frank still couldn't move the heavy tree. But wait—the ground was soft! Painfully positioning himself, Frank began to dig into the muck. It was exhausting work. After an hour of agony, he had cleared room enough to be able to extract his right foot. Then using it as a lever, he pushed himself clear of the tree. Pain came and he nearly fainted again. His left leg was broken.

Frank shook his head to clear it of

its fog and began to crawl on hands and bleeding knees.

In the howling night, flying terror, wind rushing insanely to destruction, a lone figure crawled quietly, sobbing brokenly, trying to save what he loved most of all.

The bend of trees, now mostly twisted and uprooted, met his eyes. Then the lights of his home—**but wait!** What was going on in the living room? Frank pulled himself up into an agonizing crouch and looked through the window. Paracelus was holding Beth in a sickening embrace.

He was too late—Beth had passed into eternity!

Nothing was important now. Frank dropped back and hit his hand on a piece of pointed picket fence that had broken loose. "I'll kill that creature," he muttered numbly.

Grabbing the wood, he crawled to the door. The wind's madness hid the slight noise of the moving hinges.

Quicker now, leaving a trail of mud and leaves as a wake, Frank made his way to Paracelus. His back was toward the crippled intruder. Frank got to his knees and drove the wood home with a force that only despair could muster.

Paracelus gave an unearthly scream, then stooped over. He toppled to the floor and lay there quivering, his handsome features contorted in agony. In a second he was dead and began to decay—stench, skin turning green, brittle bones fading into nothingness.

Frank heard a faint sound. He began to crawl where Beth lay. She opened her eyes. Frank began to rejoice—until he saw the expression in those eyes.

Beth stood up and went to him, fangs protruding. He cowered back and stared at her. Not daring to lower his eyes for an instant, he slowly reached over and let his fingers close around the piece of fence.

Beth continued to stare at him through him, beyond him.

He felt chipped paint and still-warm blood on the spike. He raised it—then dropped it, sobbing.

"I can't kill you, even though in the eyes of God I should. Go."

Wordlessly, Beth stepped out into the raging storm.

He knew she'd be back. Eventually Beth would find him, no matter where he went, regardless of where he ran. She would come to him and turn him into one of them. But somehow it didn't matter anymore.

THE END